JOHN BULL, MAY 21, 1932.

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1353.

NEXT WEEK'S BIG SURPRISE SEE PAGE 6

JOHN BULL

SUMMIT VIRGINIA £300 A WEEK MUST BE WON

SUMMIT CONTEST No. 9 ENTRIES MUST REACH US BY MAY 28th, 1932

Quick Result Contest—Enter now —Be £300 better off by June 11th

ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY MAY 28th
RESULTS PUBLISHED ON JUNE 11th

THE gifts illustrated have been selected at random from Summit's marvellous range of nearly 400 bonus awards. They are typical of Summit value . . . quality gifts from a quality cigarette. This competition has been arranged to encourage smokers to compare values, to prove that 2 Summit certificates are worth very much more than 5 coupons from other brands.

£300 in cash will be awarded to the reader who places the list of gifts in the order which coincides with that of the popular vote as ascertained from the entries to this competition. If more than one competitor succeeds in giving a correct list the prize will be equally divided. If no reader's list coincides with that of the popular vote, the prize of £300 will be awarded to the reader who places from No. 1 onwards the greatest consecutive number of gifts in their proper order. In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided. A winning competitor can receive only one share of the prize.

Decide in which order you consider the majority would like to receive the gifts illustrated, then fill in the entry form, using the letters on the illustrations to indicate the gifts selected. Any number of entries may be sent provided an empty 20 Summit packet (or two empty 10 packets) is sent with each attempt. When you have completed your entry, **fill in your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS; USE INK. Then place your entry in an envelope (1½d. stamp) together with the required number of empty packets, seal it, and address to:—**

GIFTS COMPETITION No. 9,
International Tobacco Co. Ltd., 338-346 Goswell Road, London, E.C.1

so that it reaches us by not later than **Saturday, May 28th.** Unstamped or insufficiently stamped envelopes will not be accepted.

The result of this competition will be announced in "John Bull," dated June 11th, 1932.

No allowance can be made for entries lost or mislaid, nor can mutilated or altered entries be accepted. Entries unaccompanied by equivalent number of empty Summit packets will be disqualified. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. Entries received after the closing date will be debarred from the contest. Competitors in this contest will be disqualified if they do not observe the conditions.

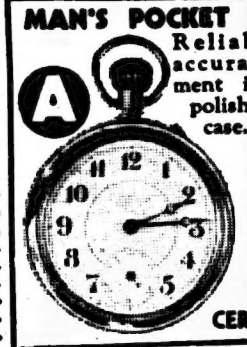
The competition will be judged by an independent authority whose decision shall be final and legally binding upon all competitors. No correspondence can be entered into. Employees of International Tobacco Co., Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

SUMMIT Virginia
10 for 6d. Cigarettes 20 for 1/-

ARE YOU A JUDGE OF GIFTS ?

Decide the order of popularity of these splendid SUMMIT Gifts !

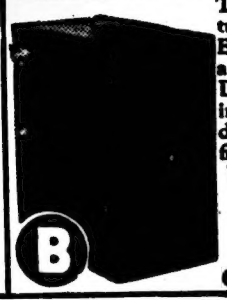
A — MAN'S POCKET WATCH



Reliable and accurate movement in highly polished nickel case. Will wear like silver.

YOURS FOR **100** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

B — "ENSIGN" BOX CAMERA



British made by Houghton-Butcher. Takes clear pictures 3¼ x 2¼. Excellent lens and shutter. Daylight loading. Uses standard 3¼ × 2¼ films.

YOURS FOR **100** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

C — CHEESE DISH IN ARTISTIC BLUE DESIGN

English manufacture. Charming design in the Willow Pattern shade of blue.

YOURS FOR **85** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

D — MEN'S FLANNEL TROUSERS

Well cut trousers in fine quality grey flannel, made to withstand hard wear. State waist and inside leg measurements.

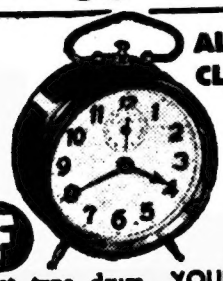
YOURS FOR **80** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

E — POLISHED OAK TRAY

A tray of solid Oak, highly polished and with metal corners and recessed handles.

YOURS FOR **100** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

F — ALARM CLOCK



Latest type drum alarm clock in assorted coloured cases. Beautifully finished. Will last a lifetime.

YOURS FOR **150** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

G — ART TORTOISESHELL HAIR BRUSH SET

Brush, comb and mirror in handsome leather finished case.

YOURS FOR **100** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

H — Etam 'QUOR-TEX' HOSE

Stockings of the finest silk substitute; will wear much longer than, yet have the same appearance as silk. Fully fashioned and in all fashionable shades.

YOURS FOR **40** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

I — THE "SUNBREEZE" PICNIC CASE

Outfit for 2 persons comprising hygienic food box, spoons, milk flask, jam or butter jar, vacuum flask, cups, saucers and plates. Contained in strong but artistic navy blue fibre case with plated fittings and lock. Case measures 10 in. x 12½ in. x 6 in.

YOURS FOR **150** SUMMIT CERTIFICATES

CUT HERE

SUMMIT GIFT JUDGING CONTEST—NO. 9

£300 MUST BE WON

ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY MAY 28th

Write your attempt in the space below, using only the letters shown on the gifts.

NOTE

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the published rules and conditions. I decide the vote will place the gifts in the order shewn in the columns on the right. I enclose an empty 20 packet of Summit Virginia (or two ten packets).

1ST	
2ND	
3RD	
4TH	
5TH	
6TH	
7TH	
8TH	
9TH	

An empty 20 Summit packet (or two empty 10 packets) must be sent with each attempt, viz., 1 empty 20 packet entitles you to 1 attempt, 2 empty 20 packets to 2 attempts and so on. Space is provided for 1 attempt but you may send as many as you like. Write these in the margin or on a separate piece of paper. Don't forget to write your name and address below and on the separate piece of paper if you send one.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS — regd. J.B.4

CUT HERE

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremois Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (172), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO. 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

START FISH TRADE.—6 Stone Mixed for Frying or Hawking, Best Quality, £1 Cge. Paid. Write Prices.—REG HURST, Pontoon, Grimsby.

SAFETY Razor Blades, Leading Makes, at Keenest Prices. Send for List and Save L.S.D. M. Radnan, 6, Stockport Rd., Ardwick, M'chester.

A TICKET IN A TICK AT A FRACTION OF 1D. AS USED BY LARGEST MULTIPLE STORES IN YOUR TOWN. YOUR OWN OUTFIT, 30/-.—QUICKER TICKET CO., 15, FULWOOD PLACE, W.C.1. LIST FREE.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Beautiful coloured cat., nearly 200 pages, free. No outlay. Free Gift every agent.—F. J. Tate, 26, Neville St., Leeds.

HOUSE CANVASSERS wanted for our well-known Labour Saving Products. Send P.C. HULSE LTD., WOODLESFORD, LEEDS.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME. £2-£5 per week easily earned by handling our Packet Tea. Write to-day for particulars.—THE INDIAN & CEYLON DIRECT TEA SUPPLY CO., 25, Monument Street, London, E.C.3.

FREE Gift all enquirers. XMAS AGENTS wtd. Choes., Toys, Fancy Goods, enquirers. Original Tate Xmas Club (Dept. J.B.), Dock St., Leeds.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

BEGINNERS & Traders free w'sale Catalogue, any quantity supplied.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS. Commencing pay now £2 15s. per week rising to £4 5s. 9d. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County & Borough Forces from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford St., London, W.1.

BUY British Hosiery w'sale to sell again, 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat free.—Trumit Hosiery Co., Textile Exch., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

CIVIL SERVICE. For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I., Dept. 311, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

EARN £3—£6 WEEKLY as a certificated Bookkeeper. Expert postal tuition. Fee £/- monthly. Free Employment Bureau. Success assured. Guide FREE.—C. C. COLLEGE (D6), 23, Coleman St., London, E.C. (Estd. 1903.)

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence about £4 10s. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T., 29k, Oxford St., W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6, Handbills, Cards, Posters, Equally as Cheap. Samples free.—Pearsons, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 53 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey Heather, etc., 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds, Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS. Specially selected Free Book Wallpapers will cover your requirements.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs., Strand, Liverpool.

PEACH'S Ideal Home Decorations Catalogue, Fully Illustrated, New Values, Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Linens. — S. Peach & Sons, Ltd., 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs, Patterns, post free.—Cabernet Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

FREE FOR THE ASKING! Every reader of *John Bull* should send for the Free Gift of the useful Needle-Threader Thimble, shown on page 2. It is quite free and the advertisement shows where to send.

SELFRIDGES offer a CHROMIUM PLATED TOURIST CYCLE on easy payments on page 27. Write for ILLUSTRATED LIST and mention *John Bull* when writing.

WIRELESS.

FREE. A luxury wireless set or components of equivalent value. Wonderful offer to introduce the Radialaddin Club (Dpt. J.B.), 47-48, Berners St., London, W.1. Mus. 1821. Write for particulars.

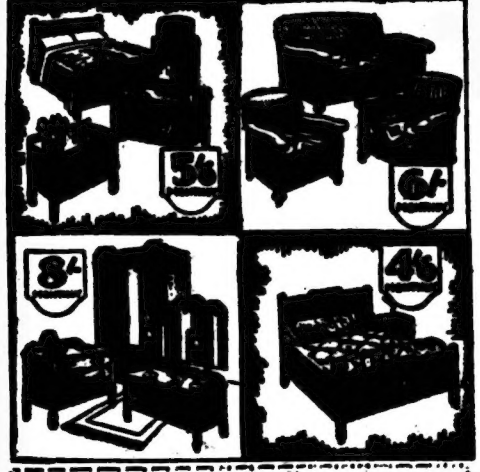
IF you have Electricity in your House send for our Mains Radio Catalogue (F), if not send for our Battery Catalogue (F.1) both showing 14 of the latest Radio Sets and Radiograms from 75/-. Any Set supplied on payment of small Deposit and easy Monthly Instalments. Catalogues Post Free. Write to-day to Regent Radio, Ltd., 4, Golden Square, London, W.1.

We illustrate Two of the Free Gifts. There are many others, or you can have a rebate in "Cash" if you prefer. See our Windows.

JAY'S TERMS.

Worth				Monthly
£10	..	..	..	6/-
20	..	..	..	8/-
30	..	..	..	12/-
50	..	..	..	20/-
75	..	..	..	30/-
100	..	..	..	40/-

Beautiful Tea Set FREE with a £10 Order. **Superb Dinner Service FREE with a £25 Order.**



JAY'S FURNISHING STORES

248, 249, 250, Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Oxford St. End. 'Phone: Mus. 2483

OVER 130 BRANCHES
including

CHELSEA ..... 363, Fulham Road, S.W.10
CROYDON ..... 5, London Road
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1
345-347, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5
CLAPHAM ..... 59, 61, 63, High St., S.W.4
BOW ..... 165, Bow Road, E.3
HOLLOWAY ..... 162, Holloway Road, N.7
ELEPHANT & CASTLE, 96-97, London Rd., S.E.1
PALMERS GREEN, 23, Green Lanes, N.13
STOKE NEWINGTON, 88-90, High Street, N.
STRATFORD ..... 379-381, High Street, E.15
CRICKLEWOOD ..... 140, Broadway, N.W.2
HAMMERSMITH ..... 120, King Street, W.6
WIMBLEDON ..... 81, Broadway, S.W.19
THORNTON HEATH ..... 59, High Street
PADDINGTON ..... 202, Harrow Road, W.2
KING'S CROSS ..... 212, Caledonian Rd., N.1
UPTON PARK ..... 361, Green Street, E.13
PADDINGTON ..... 219, Shirland Road, W.9
WHITECHAPEL ..... 223, Whitechapel Rd., E.1
READING ..... 47, Minster Street
WATFORD ..... 36-37, The Parade, High St.
WORTHING ..... 15-17, Rowlands Road
WOKING ..... 11, The Broadway
BRIGHTON ..... 127, Queen's Road
NORTHAMPTON ..... 23, Gold Street
EXETER ..... 104, Fore Street
TAUNTON ..... 59, East Street
PLYMOUTH ..... 8/9, The Octagon
CHESTER ..... 22, Bridge Street
NORWICH ..... 21, St. Stephen's Street
STOKE-ON-TRENT ..... 44, High Street

Please send your latest Catalogue of Modern Furniture and details of your great Free Gift Scheme.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... Dept J.B.

GRAVES' offer a FREE CATALOGUE in their CYCLE advertisement on page 31. When writing, mention *John Bull*.

HANDY in EVERY HOME! Penn's improved lightning Leather Stitcher, indispensable to thrifty homeworkers; quickly sews perfect lock-stitch on Boots, Belts, Bags, Trunks, Harnesses, etc. Every handyman should possess one. See illustrated advertisement on page 3.

AMAZING VALUE IN STAINLESS CUTLERY! A British-made Canteen of high-grade Stainless, in 50 pieces, Sheffield made Cutlery for 30/-, as advertised in this week's "SHOP WINDOW," page 3. The full description of this wonderful bargain is worth reading.

FREE TEA & DINNER SERVICES are only two of the many free gifts given away by JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, whose advt. appears on this page. Fill in the coupon for FREE CATALOGUE of FURNITURE BARGAINS and full particulars of their great Free Gift scheme.

DO you wear "TREMOLA" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS? Reasons are given in the advt. on page 28. If any difficulty in obtaining write to the address given.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuil, 120, Old St., Ldn., EC1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA Wholesale. 9d. lb. in 60 lb. Chests, 10 lb. 8/6. Best 2/- Tea 10 lb. 12/6. Carr. and Samps. free.—SIZER, 182/4, Roman Road, Bow, E.3.

TEA. EMPIRE BLENDED, at pre-duty prices and quality. 4 lbs. 4/8. Carr. paid. Agents wntd.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more. Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro (bal. cash or refund).—MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

HOW to dress well on 10/- or £1 per month. A solution appears on page 32. SMARTWEAR LTD. offer a beautiful illustrated Catalogue. Women readers should write to Dept. A.2, Gentlemen to Dept. C.61.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linb, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Round Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/9 for generous supply, or 11d. stamps for Free Pamphlet.—Eldyard Tablet Co., 36-38, Ordnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (492F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

PSORIASIS. ECZEMA.—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet, Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

ARE YOU RUPTURED? Get the new Blunden Appliance on 7 days' free trial. A free booklet is offered in the advt. on page 3.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.89), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

CATARRH SUFFERERS can obtain a FREE SAMPLE of "NOSTROLINE." See page 32.

FREE. A trial bottle of DR. HAIR'S Treatment for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA, together with a free copy of a 48-page booklet giving useful advice on diet, etc. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 33. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of postage.

KEEP YOUR SYSTEM RIGHT. Tiredness, Biliousness, Headaches, etc., disappear when taking "Regmen" Saline, the natural health salt of the utmost purity. Obtainable only from all branches of Boots'. See page 23.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
Give yourself a treat.
Improved flavours. Buy DUKE'S.

SEND for the "SUN-MAID" Recipe Booklet, containing nearly 100 recipes. Write to Dept. J.B.10, Producers' International Sales Assoc., Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See p. 20.

WRITE for Free Booklet No. 96 offered in the CHURCH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY'S advt. on page 26.

FREE. On page 34 appears an offer whereby women readers can obtain a special de luxe Beauty Outfit of TOKALON Preparations. Send 3d. in stamps to Tokalon, Ltd., Dept. 222H., Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

IF you would like a week's supply of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM, simply write to the firm whose address appears in the advt. on p. 29. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

READERS' attention is drawn to POTTER & MOORE'S MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER CREAM announcement on page 24. A mirror is included in the dainty jar of this marvellous combined powder and cream.

£300 IN CASH must be won for simply placing in order of popularity the gifts offered by the proprietors of "SUMMIT" CIGARETTES on the Front Cover of this issue. An empty 20 "SUMMIT" packet or two empty 10 packets qualifies for your entry. This simple and fascinating competition is open for 9 days only. The contest closes Saturday, May 28th. Result published in this paper on June 9th. Simply fill in the coupon on the Front Cover, attach your empty "SUMMIT" packet with your forecast, and send in your entry at once. It may be worth £300. Further particulars are given in the advt. Turn to it now and enter to-day.

IF you are troubled with constipation, sick headaches, bad complexion, indigestion, tiredness, etc., "REGESAN" SALINE will keep your system free from poisonous toxins and other impurities. Ensure physical and mental fitness by taking a daily dose of this excellent Saline, a natural health salt of utmost purity, only obtainable at BOOTS', The Chemists. Be sure to ask for "REGESAN" SALINE. For further interesting information relating to the excellent service which Boots' offer, see p. 23.

KEEP your Snaps in clean and good condition. Buy a "PHOTOGLEEMS," which permanently preserves your treasured memories. If any difficulty in obtaining write to the manufacturers, whose address appears in the advt. on page 31.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Blushing or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B. 89),
40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

AND SECTIONAL BUILDINGS OF ALL KINDS

GARAGES:
10' x 7' ... £6.12.0
15' x 9' ... £12.1.0

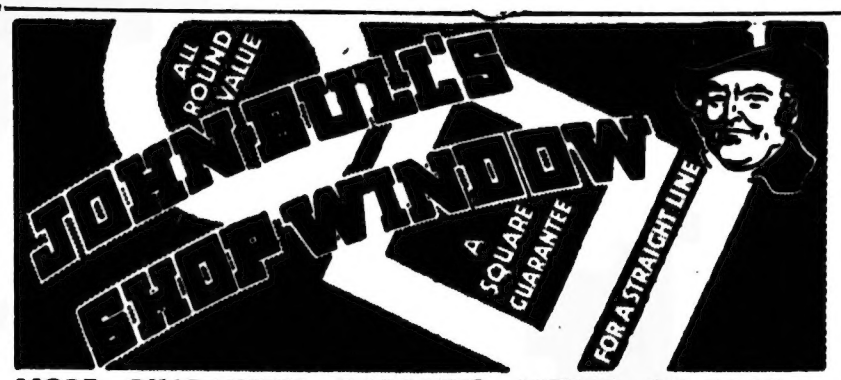
HUTS:
6' x 5' ... £3.16.0
8' x 5' ... £4.10.6
12' x 7' ... £8.11.0

7" Planed Rebated & Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID
DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. JB, High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO USER

SAVE MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT

5-VALVE PORTABLE

British Valves, Exide Batteries and Balanced Armature Loud Speaker. BRITISH AND FOREIGN Stations. Amazing Purity and Volume. Simply switch on. Plays anywhere. 75/- Cash or 7/9 Deposit and 12 similar monthly payments.

COMPLETE 75/- OR 7/9 MONTHLY

SUPER MODEL

5 Osram Valves, Safety Fuse, Super Capacity Exide Batteries, Polished panels, 95 - Cash or 9/9 Deposit and 12 monthly payments.

3-VALVE SELF CONTAINED MODEL

Osram Valves with Pentode output, Exide Batteries, Balanced Armature Loud Speaker, all contained in Polished Walnut Cabinet. BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATIONS, one knob Tuning. Highly selective. Perfect tone and volume.

COMPLETE 95/- OR 9/9 MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF 14 LATEST RADIO SETS POST FREE. REGENT RADIO, LTD. (Dept. F.) 4, Golden Square, London, W.1. *Open daily (including Saturday) until 7 p.m.*

ALL SETS GUARANTEED FOR 12 MONTHS

45/- SUITS 19/6

GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's suits for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/- return it and we will refund your 19/6 together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Bargains. Don't send money now, but examine patterns first.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self-measurement form to:

H. THOMAS & CO., Dept. J.B.8
14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, WEST CROYDON, SURREY.

AT LAST THE PERFECT PNEUMATIC APPLIANCE

RUPTURE

ABSOLUTELY CONTROLLED
SENSATIONAL SUCCESS OF NEW METHOD.

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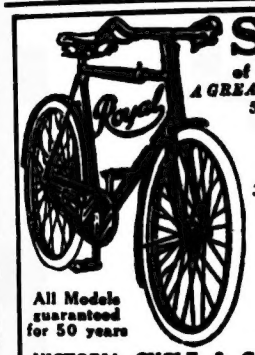

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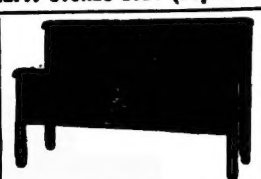

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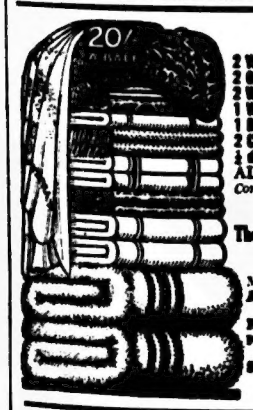

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Sports neck model. From Horrockes Mercerised cream poplin.

Sizes: Neckband: — 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½. Please state neckband required.

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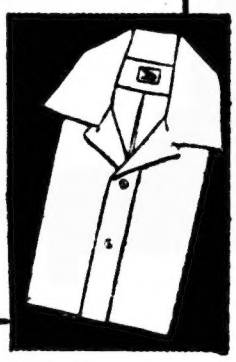

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Inside Leg	Waist						
28 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
29 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
31 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—

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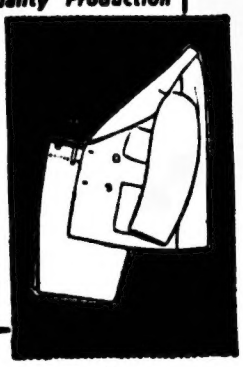

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Conforms to the latest idea in Sports Wear. It leaves the arms free and is a great favourite with Sportsmen. In grey and maroon. In sizes — Chest 34", 36", 38", 40". Please state chest measurement over waistcoat. Please state colour and size required.

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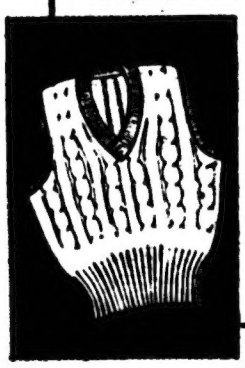

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Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast-pocket. Seam back, no vent. Exclusive patterns in BROWN check or GREY check.

Chest measurements: 32", 34", 35", 36", 37", 38", 39", 40", 42".

(Chest measurements must be taken OVER waistcoat and not over jacket.) Please state size and shade required.

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Specially knitted to fit. In grey, brown, saxe blue or scarlet. Available in sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 30 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 150 coupons.

We strive to achieve a happy balance of sound value — good cigarettes and good gifts. For twenty-eight years our policy has been value to the public and this policy has stood the test of public approval.

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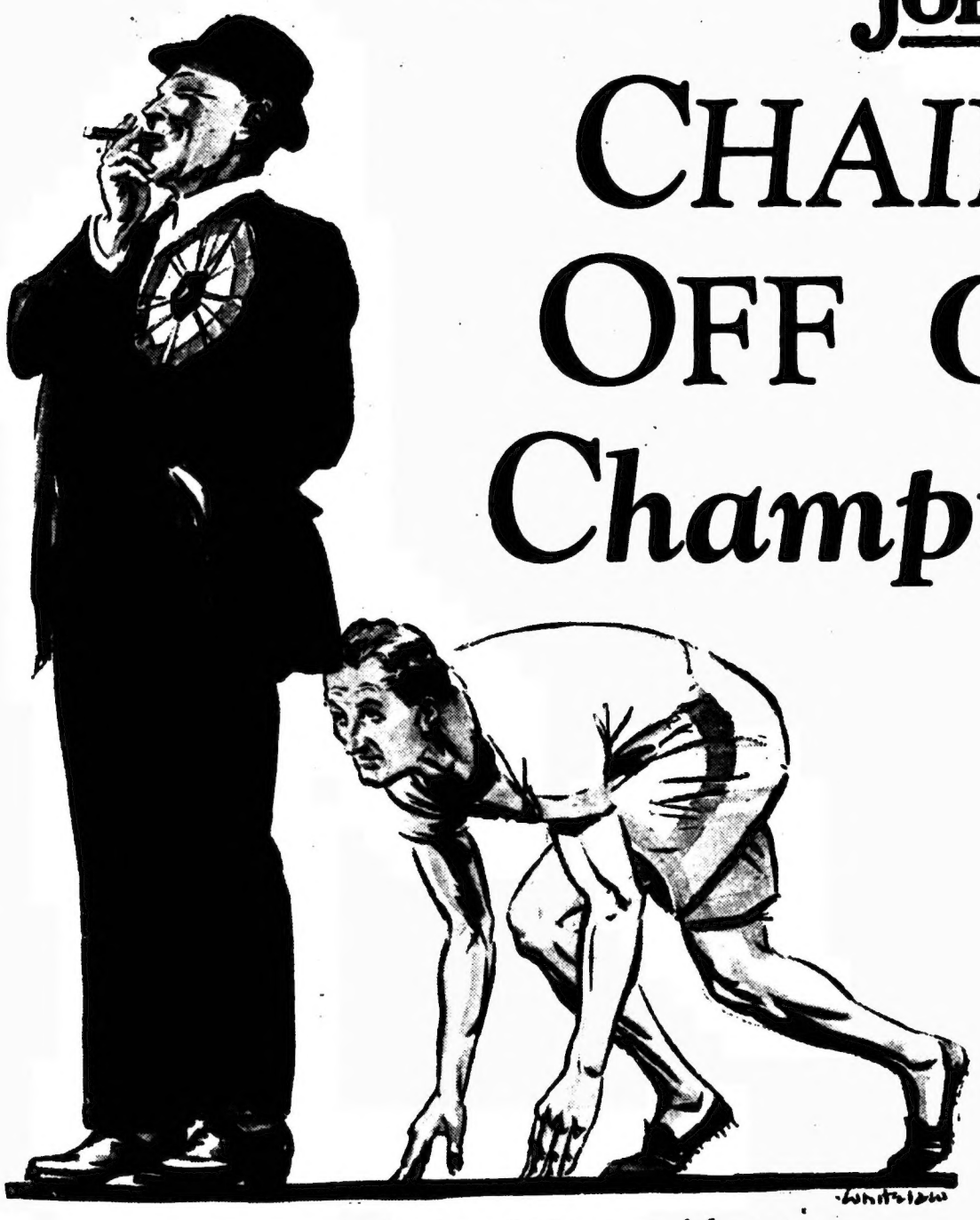


We'll never win unless that official gets out of the way . . .

IN a few weeks' time the athletes of all nations will be assembling at Los Angeles for the Olympic Games, held every four years. Among them, of course, will be a British team.

Yet, despite the near approach of this Olympiad, the public has been told nothing, or next to nothing, of the approximate size of the British team, nor of its chances, nor if a confident out-to-win policy is being adopted, or, as in the past, unfortunately, merely a semi-apologetic one.

In plainer words, are we, or are we not, sending our best athletes to the Games in the belief that this time most of Great Britain's athletic prestige lost at previous Olympiads—and lost because of half-hearted preparations — will be recovered?

Without Fear or Favour

A frank pronouncement that no effort will be spared to recover it should be made at once by the British Olympic Association.

Never since the modern Olympiads were revived at Athens at the beginning of this century —the time when we were last supreme in track racing—has Great Britain had a better chance than now of scoring more points than any other nation in the purely athletic events.

They are all that matter at any Olympiad. Every other Olympic competition is a mere side-line in the eyes of the competing nations.

Such a victory for Great Britain can and should be accomplished, providing the muddle of previous years is not repeated.

The stimulus of the Achilles Club, the members of which are former Oxford and Cambridge 'Varsity athletes, has revived the sport in this country to an extent that is hardly believable to those who can recall the pre-war slump.

The efforts of this splendid band of runners, hurdlers and jumpers, and especially the enthusiasm of Lord Burghley, has been a beacon call to the youth of Britain. And we can reap the reward of this by a triumph at Los Angeles if a properly selected and properly equipped team, a team in the real sense of the word, is sent there.

Little is beyond accomplishment to our men if they are given a real chance. Only a few weeks ago, in the International Cross-Country Championship at Brussels, the British team supplied the first six men home, the only places that counted towards deciding the title.

WHILE we believe the funds of the British Olympic Association are not such as to admit of a mere onslaught of numbers in the coming Games, we should like to know that there is sufficient money to ensure that our athletes—as apart from swimmers, cyclists, boxers, and so on—are not handicapped by an unnecessary economy for the benefit of side-lines.

Whatever are the funds available they should be devoted to sending athletes to Los Angeles, not useless officials.

Blunders like the sending of unnecessary hordes of officials, and the waste of money on side-line contests, have in the past been the chains that have held back our athletes, and prevented them from winning the laurels they deserved. These mistakes must not be repeated at Los Angeles.

At the 1924 Olympiad we had twenty-eight officials, of whom nineteen were unconnected with training or massage, looking after our athletes. And twenty-five people in the party were described as "general officers."

What was worse was that for the side-line events nineteen officials accompanied twenty-four boxers, thirteen others watched our swimmers take the water, and still another nine superintended our nineteen wrestlers.

Already we have decided to send three boxers and three boxing officials to Los Angeles —which would mean, if this example were followed in the other branches, as many officials as competitors.

Officials cost as much as athletes. The man who sports a rosette and looks on at the winning post may displace a man who would have won us a world's record if he could have been given his opportunity.

It is true that there are field events in the forthcoming Games which we have no chance of winning, and we hope money will not be wasted by sending representatives for such contests.

But in nearly all the running events, the hurdle-races, and the high jump, we have the material to amass a number of scoring points which even the Americans will find it hard to equal, with all their "home" advantages.

Good judges believe that this country has never produced such a fine athlete at 400 metres as Lieut. Rampling, an almost certain winner at Los Angeles if he has recovered from his recent operations in time.

In E. L. Page we have a sprinter who has not been over-raced and who should this summer be in his prime. He is capable of beating any of the other 100-metre fliers he will meet if he proves to have made normal progress since last season.

THERE is J. Hampson for the 800 metres, and for the 1,500 metres J. F. Cornes and R. H. Thomas, the Air Force man who, at Stamford Bridge a year ago, astounded the French and German runners by equalling the British mile record with no pacemakers to assist him. And, of course, Lord Burghley for the hurdles. His fame is world-wide.

There are half a dozen men nearly as good as each other whom we can send for the distance events and the Marathon with a chance of winning them, even if the great Paavo Nurmi, the Finn, elects to compete. Nurmi is getting on in years, and this Olympiad may be his Waterloo.

Finally, we are sending a mere lad, Boy-Sergt. Land, the seventeen-year-old British soldier who has taught himself to jump, and taught himself so well that he is the present English champion, and can, at the moment, clear 6 ft. 3 in. If he can "find" another couple of inches he may well be the youngest Olympic champion of all time.

Make no mistake about it, we have the right team for the job, even if—as may prove to be the case—it may not be as strong in numbers as some would wish. But their individual talent cannot be doubted.

Unquestionably, Britain's chance to win back her long-lost prestige at the Games has arrived. Let us make sure that once again we do not bungle it.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

A Census of Irishmen on the "Dole"

THERE may be unexpected trouble coming for Mr. de Valera.

The Ministry of Labour here is taking a census of Irishmen in this country who are on the "dole."

It is estimated that they number 250,000, and draw unemployment benefit for themselves and their families at the rate of £10,000,000 yearly.

Making them aliens

If the break between Great Britain and the Free State becomes a fact, Mr. de Valera may find himself having to look after these 250,000 of his fellow-countrymen and their dependents.

Technically Irishmen in this country will become aliens and liable to be deported as public charges.

Jobs at thirteen?

We do not doubt that economies in the nation's finances are still necessary. But one proposal for effecting a so-called saving in education expenditure is frankly silly.

It is that not only should the school-going age be raised from five to six, but that attendance after thirteen should be optional.

Dangerous saving

When the House of Commons re-assembles next week, Lord Eustace Percy, a former Minister of Education, and a number of other "die-hard" Conservatives will press for the saving of £3,000,000 a year on education.

Let them be warned that the snatching from school of boys who are little more than babies and throwing them on to the labour market is the height of folly.

M.P.s who themselves have had every chance in life ought to be ashamed to sponsor such a proposal.

Inequality

Though Mr. Baldwin is Acting Premier, he receives only £1,700 a year, several hundreds of which go in taxes.

Most other members of the Cabinet get £4,000, the Lord Chancellor £8,000, and the Attorney-General nearly £20,000, including fees.

Mr. Baldwin's post as Lord President of the Council may be one that has always been lowly paid, but that's no reason why an Acting Premier should get less than many town clerks.

Bank rate (last round)

The Bank rate will soon fall to 2 per cent. This will end the victorious fight of the "cheaper money" directors of the Bank of England, every round of which has been accurately forecast by JOHN BULL.

They should now turn their attention to the Joint Stock Banks, which charge 5 per cent. on advances to business firms but only pay ½ per cent. on deposits.

This is a ramp that must stop.

Fleecing the public

It is a good thing that a group of M.P.s intends to keep hammering away at the Attorney-General until they win protection for British investors who take up foreign stock like that of the Kreuger concerns

Unless he acts, we shall be forced to believe that he can't stop what Sir A. M. Samuel calls "the flagrant abuse of public confidence."

Stop the butchery!

The export from Britain of horses for butchery abroad will stop if, as we hope, the Exportation of Horses Bill passes.

Time and time again JOHN BULL has called attention to the unnecessary cruelty imposed on worn-out horses. The Bill is certainly overdue.

Justice amok

Gilbert never thought of anything funnier than the Isle of Wight County Bench.

New Economy Drive Folly

Our Crossword: A Warning

If he is snatched from school, how can he get a job at thirteen?

Mr. F. B. Laughrin, the rating officer of Bembridge, came to court to defend himself against an assault charge. He arrived fifteen minutes *before* the time stated on the summons.

But he found that, without hearing his plea or defence, the justices had already convicted and sentenced him.

He asked the bench, composed of an admiral, colonel, and major, to undo this farce of justice, but they told him to appeal to a higher court. This would cost him at least £50, and then the taxpayers would have to pay a whack.

Greater sacrifice—

We honour the memory of the middle-aged Sheffield steel worker, Alfred Bray, who gave his life for a workmate overcome by fumes under a furnace.

Bray managed to drag him within reach of assistance, but then collapsed and died, though the other man recovered. A splendid act of self-sacrifice.

Cant

We despise the sanctimonious humbugs responsible for blacking out racing and similar news in newspapers displayed in some South Wales public libraries.

Ratepayers should demand to see uncensored news. Local officials have no legal right to cover portions of newspapers in public libraries.

Fallible

Competitors in JOHN BULL and *The People* Crossword contests should be wary of Mr. A. White, of The Anchorage, Thorburn Road, New Ferry. He calls himself the Northern Syndicate, and suggests that by "infallible permutation" he will win prizes for those who co-operate financially with him.

His proposition is ludicrous and false.

White requires postal orders to be made payable to him and he mentions casually that the "surplus" money he gathers will be spent partly on an *etcetera*—presumably White.

Country life

Silly snobs used to say that the poor would use a bath only as a coal-bin. But what can you do if you haven't a coal-bin?

A miner charged at Ashby-de-la-Zouch for keeping coals outside his cottage, said the only place he had to store them was the pantry, and he had to put a cloth over them to keep the bits from the food.

The local authorities must be asleep.

No joke

The outbreak of malicious fire alarms in London must be stopped. Ninety firemen and fourteen engines recently responded to four false alarms.

We hope the hoaxers, if traced, will be very heavily punished.

The difference

Why does Rotherham Hospital Board refuse to accept money collected on their behalf at Sunday boxing tournaments, and yet has no objection to collections at Sunday band concerts?

Whatever the reason, the contributions which Rotherham refuses are to be diverted to Barnsley charities.

Red tape we like

We have no sympathy for Sir W. Preston, engineering magnate and M.P. for Cheltenham, who complains that he must pay an additional half-crown a week to two men he transferred from stable to land work, and will be summoned if he fails to do so.

Thank heaven, even an M.P. must abide by the laws M.P.s make!

Happy end

We salute the employers of Cecil Mason, of Bolton, who tried to commit suicide because he had lost his job.

Not only has his life been saved, but he is to resume work.

Give them up

Within a few days a Bristol Corporation worker was killed by the time-fuse of a shell, and three Eton Council officials narrowly escaped death when an aircraft bomb exploded.

Both missiles had apparently been placed in dustbins by careless householders.

Until it is made compulsory for dangerous war trophies to be handed to the police, under threat of severe penalties, such accidents will recur.

Jack of all trades

"Halls requiring the 'all-in' wrestling craze, with plenty of blood and excitement, the nearest to murder approachable," can be supplied by Mr. John Clempert, of Manchester, he states in a circular.

This precious fellow has already been denounced by us as a dispenser of quack nostrums, recipes for boot polish, foot powder, toffee, hair wash, and "how to keep eggs fresh."

In other words, he's a nonsense-monger.

Second thoughts wanted

Manchester's Lord Mayor is to be commended for his efforts to persuade the L.M.S Railway not to close down the Newton Heath carriage works.

Unless the railway reverses its decision, 1,800 homes will be plunged into distress and shopkeepers threatened with ruin.

Surely a less drastic plan can be found?

Brought to book

Three months in the second division is not too heavy a sentence on Henry James Freeman for carrying on business while an undischarged bankrupt.

He had previously served four months for obtaining credit when bankrupt. Once, when we exposed his shabby business methods, he issued a writ for libel against us, but failed to pursue the action.

In view of his record, we are surprised that Middlesex Sessions did not deal more severely with him.

Other towns N.B.

We are glad to see that unemployed at Leigh, Lancashire, have been granted the free use of the bowling green on four afternoons a week.

And why not? A little of this sort of consideration won't do them any harm.

A happier citizen is a better citizen, whether he's unemployed or not.

No so joyful

Grimsby Corporation has installed a "joy wheel" in a children's playground at Cleethorpes. While an attendant was lifting a child from it recently he stumbled and fell beneath the moving platform, dying from his injuries.

This type of machine is dangerous. If it can cause a man's death, what of the risk to children?

He carried on

The highest form of courage is that shown by a middle-aged Manchester tramway worker, Lavender Ashwell, who fell from the roof of a car while carrying out repairs.

Though he was suffering from shock and broken limbs, he insisted on completing the job before going to hospital.

Waste of money

Film aspirants can have their photographs reproduced in "The Illustrated British Film Aspirant" on payment of 5s., says a circular issued from an address in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London.

As we have said before, even professional film artists find it hard to get regular work. Such propositions should therefore be ignored.

Narrow-minded

With all respect to the Sabbatarians, there is no excuse for the closing of parks in many towns on the one day that people have most time to appreciate them.

There is another side to the question.

A doctor at a Runcorn, Cheshire, inquest on a boy drowned in the canal on a Sunday rightly protested that if the park opposite the child's home had been open the tragedy would probably not have occurred.

NEXT WEEK!

A Remarkable Offer to Every Reader

In JOHN BULL next week every reader will be invited to share in a remarkable and unparalleled offer.

In magnitude and generosity the offer dwarfs any previous one.

Besides containing the startling announcement, next week's JOHN BULL will publish the first of a sensational series of articles exposing one of the biggest scandals of the day In addition, Mr. E. Temple Thurston contributes a brilliant short story—"From the Dead to the Living"—the first of a series of short stories written especially for JOHN BULL by famous authors, including Jeffery Farnol, W. B. Maxwell, Cutcliffe Hyne and Dennis Mackail.

The demand for next week's "John Bull" will be tremendous. To make sure of a copy, place an order with your newsagent at once.

GET OUT of that HOUSE!

THE WORST RENT SCANDAL YET

The taxpayers' money has subsidised building for fur-coated and car-owning occupants . . .

. . . and the worker is kept out

by **Sir ENOCH HILL,**

Chairman of the Halifax Building Society, in a special interview with "John Bull"

HUNDREDS of thousands of houses have been built during the past twelve years or so all over the country under nationally subsidised housing schemes.

But only now is it being realised that many of them have been built at a price which has precluded their occupation by the class of working people for whom they were intended.

They have had to be disposed of at rents altogether beyond the reach of the working class, and have, therefore, gone to occupants who are relatively well-to-do.

The result is that these people are having part of their rent paid by the taxpayer.

They are drawing a "dole" to the extent (on an average) of 4s. 4d. a week on each house.

This year, the Government is providing more than £15,000,000 in subsidies which comes from the taxpayers' and ratepayers' pockets to pay for these housing subsidies—money which, in many cases, is raised from people less well off than those who are benefiting by it.

Cases have occurred of occupiers of municipal houses actually owning other houses which they have let at rents higher than they themselves are paying.

Taxpayer robbed

THE municipal authorities at Derby have found so many instances of this that they refuse to rent any council houses to people who are in a position to provide their own homes.

A subsidy of £100 is being paid to purchasers of four-roomed bungalows near Glasgow—purchasers who, in many cases, are well able to buy houses in the open market without assistance from the public purse.

On a housing estate near Luton I hear of some subsidy houses being used as week-end cottages by car-owning tenants from a distance.

This is hardly the use for which the houses were originally intended. The taxpayers' money was used to build them, and is still being used to pay for them.

If we saw a man driving up in a car to the employment exchange to draw his "dole" we should call it a scandal. Yet a stroll round one of the estates, such as Becontree or Watling, will reveal motor-cars and fur coats, the owners of which are "on the dole" to the extent of their weekly house subsidy.

Figures issued by the London County Council show that the professional classes, who, one assumes, could afford to pay their rents without Government aid, have not been backward in taking advantage of these dwellings intended originally for working folk.

A tenants' test

NOBODY wishes to interfere with their residing in these districts, but these houses were intended for workers who could not afford to pay high rents and not as a means whereby members of professions and others might obtain financial aid from their fellow men.

Why should the country continue to suffer this loss and the taxpayer be forced to make contributions towards the housing of those who are perfectly able to afford to pay an economic rent or purchase price for their houses?

I suggest that if a means test is justifiable in the case of persons receiving unemployment benefit to which they have in part contributed, much more so should a similar test be applied to those who are taking advantage of houses subsidised from taxpayers' and ratepayers' money.

There would be no difficulty in applying such a test, nor could anyone object to it. Applicants for aid from the public purse must obviously be prepared to prove that it is a necessity that they be given it.

We should thus discover those who are drawing a "housing dole" to which they are not, on the basis of their means, entitled.

I suggest, further, that such people should be given the option of either paying an extra rent, equivalent to the amount of the subsidy, or of vacating the house in favour of one with a better claim.

The wasteful extravagance of building these costly houses was excused on the plea that the housing authorities expected a "filtering-up" process—that is, that the better-paid workers would rise in the world and be able to afford better houses, thus relieving the housing pressure for those less well off.

Events show that it would have been better if more effort had been directed to the production of good houses of smaller size which could have been let at rents within the means of the artisan.

The present course of building houses to be let at a subsidised rent should be stopped, and instead smaller houses, costing about £350 to £400, should be built *for sale*.

Thousands of artisans would be willing to buy these houses if they had the initial cash deposit, usually 10 per cent., and could pay the balance out of income, by instalments.

There is no reason why the lack of this 10 per cent. cash deposit should be allowed to prevent such people from owning their own homes.

Every worker has latent capital in his energy, skill and earning capacity, and is entitled to regard these things as having a realisable capital value.

If the State would take the trouble to mobilise this "hidden capital," workers of good character, in receipt of steady wages, could be enabled to purchase houses out of their earnings without putting down a cash deposit at all.

The earning power of the workers of this country must amount in the aggregate to a vast sum. There is no reason why some of it should not be capitalised for housing purposes. It could be done in this way.

The Government should be persuaded to guarantee workers wishing to buy houses, so that building societies could advance the whole of the purchase money and the purchaser be saved the necessity of finding a 10 per cent. cash deposit as at present—a lump sum which, more often than not, provides a definite obstacle to home-ownership.

Repayments by weekly instalments out of wages would be little, if at all, in excess of rent.

The Government itself would be saved money, and its liability under such a guarantee would be small compared with its present prodigal expenditure.

Nation of owners

IF building society experience is any indication, purchasers of these houses would honour their obligations by paying their instalments regularly. At the present time, the number of borrowers who fail to keep up their repayments is well under 1 per cent. of the total.

At the same time, a great thrift movement would have been started, and at the end of fifteen or twenty years we should have a nation of home-owning workers who have had some of the capital value of their earning power turned into the form of a home of their own—which is always a nice little nest-egg for old age.

Until drastic steps have been taken to remedy the abuses of our present housing system, the taxpayer will have to go on paying £15,000,000 a year with the knowledge that much of it will be devoted to "helping" those who need no help, but who may be better off than the taxpayer himself.

"I will reconstruct the crime from the knowledge that I have obtained"

The Man They Did Not Hang

Reveals his Startling Secret

by WILLIAM H. WALLACE,

who here dramatically concludes the amazing story of the terrible persecution he has undergone since the Appeal Judges quashed his conviction for wife murder.

He now points the accusing finger at the man he declares is the murderer.

I KNOW quite well the adjective that people have applied to me ever since my trial.

They say I am "callous." It is the favourite word. I was "callous" during my trial; "callous" when I received my death sentence; "callous" in the condemned cell; "callous," even, when I received my freedom.

The word is always on people's tongues to condemn me. I am supposed to be the type of man who would commit wife-murder!

I'd never have believed this attitude was possible among intelligent men and women if I had not suffered from it so harshly.

I always thought that a man showed himself a better man if he could face adversity without flinching.

"Fiendishly callous"

That's what I did at my trial. And the result was that, instead of giving me credit for fortitude in awful circumstances, people pointed to it as a proof of my guilt!

I believe the jury's verdict against me was largely influenced by what they thought was my "callous" demeanour.

It had a strange psychological effect on them, and outweighed the flimsy nature of the evidence. Besides, they had been fascinated by the play made with the word by the prosecution. They labelled me "callous," and "callous" I remained.

The court had listened to the story of what the judge called the most savage murder in the annals of crime. The slayer of my wife, whoever he was, must have been "fiendishly callous."

One by one the police witnesses described my bearing and conduct after the discovery of the crime and during the two weeks before my arrest, when I underwent bouts of intense examination by trained interrogators.

They had to admit that I could account for every minute of my time on the fatal evening, but they always tagged on to their evidence the remark that I was extraordinarily calm, even indifferent; in other words, "callous."

The features of the police witnesses wore a smile of incredulity when my counsel suggested to them that there is such a thing as calmness and strength born of innocence.

A prison doctor reported that when in custody I was all the time "calm and philosophical"—that is to say, "callous."

My trial soon became one not of fact, but of my psychological reactions to different experiences.

The climax came when the principal Crown witness entered the box—Professor J. E. Whitley MacFall, of the Chair of Forensic Medicine at Liverpool University.

There was nothing whatever to cavil at in the medical testimony of this eminent pathologist. His version of the terrible wounds inflicted upon my wife and the probable manner, cause, and time of her death was precise and dispassionate.

Then, to my amazement, the learned professor embarked on another course. He described a conversation he had with me soon after his first examination of the body at the house, and this is what he said:

"His demeanour was abnormal. He was quiet—too quiet for a person whose wife had been killed in that way. He was not nearly so affected as I was myself."

What relevance, I asked myself, had this to forensic medicine? What could this professor possibly know about my normal demeanour, my quietness in emergency? And how could he judge the extent to which I was affected?

Having departed from the subject on which he is a recognised and brilliant authority, the professor spoke in ignorance.

I never flinched

He did not know that for forty years I had drilled myself in iron-control and prided myself on never displaying an emotion outwardly in public.

I trained myself to be a Stoic.

My griefs and joys can be as intense as those of any man, but the rule of my life has always been to give them expression only in privacy. Stoicism is so little practised to-day that when seen it is called callousness. Yet it was the greatest virtue among the ancient Romans.

When Professor MacFall ended his statement I glanced at the jury box. All its occupants had their eyes riveted upon me. They were seeing my "callousness"—and they went on seeing it for the rest of the trial.

I saw what was going on and was so contemptuous that I resolved at that moment to make myself appear more unemotional and colder to the jury than ever.

Inwardly, of course, as I have often been, I was in a tumult of agony and suffering, but my training forbade me then, as at all times, to reveal a glimpse of it.

If the killer comes . . .

They read out extracts from my diaries—jottings which I made every night, and which now laid bare the intimate things between a husband and wife. These only provided the court with proof of the perfect companionship I enjoyed with Mrs. Wallace for eighteen years.

Tears welled in my eyes and blurred my vision of the court. I drove them back. The jury should not see them.

Twelve months have passed since then, and I have told of the agony of soul I have had to endure in that time. Not once have any of the multitude of people who have ostracised, even spurned, me openly, seen me flinch any more than I did on the day I was sent to my doom.

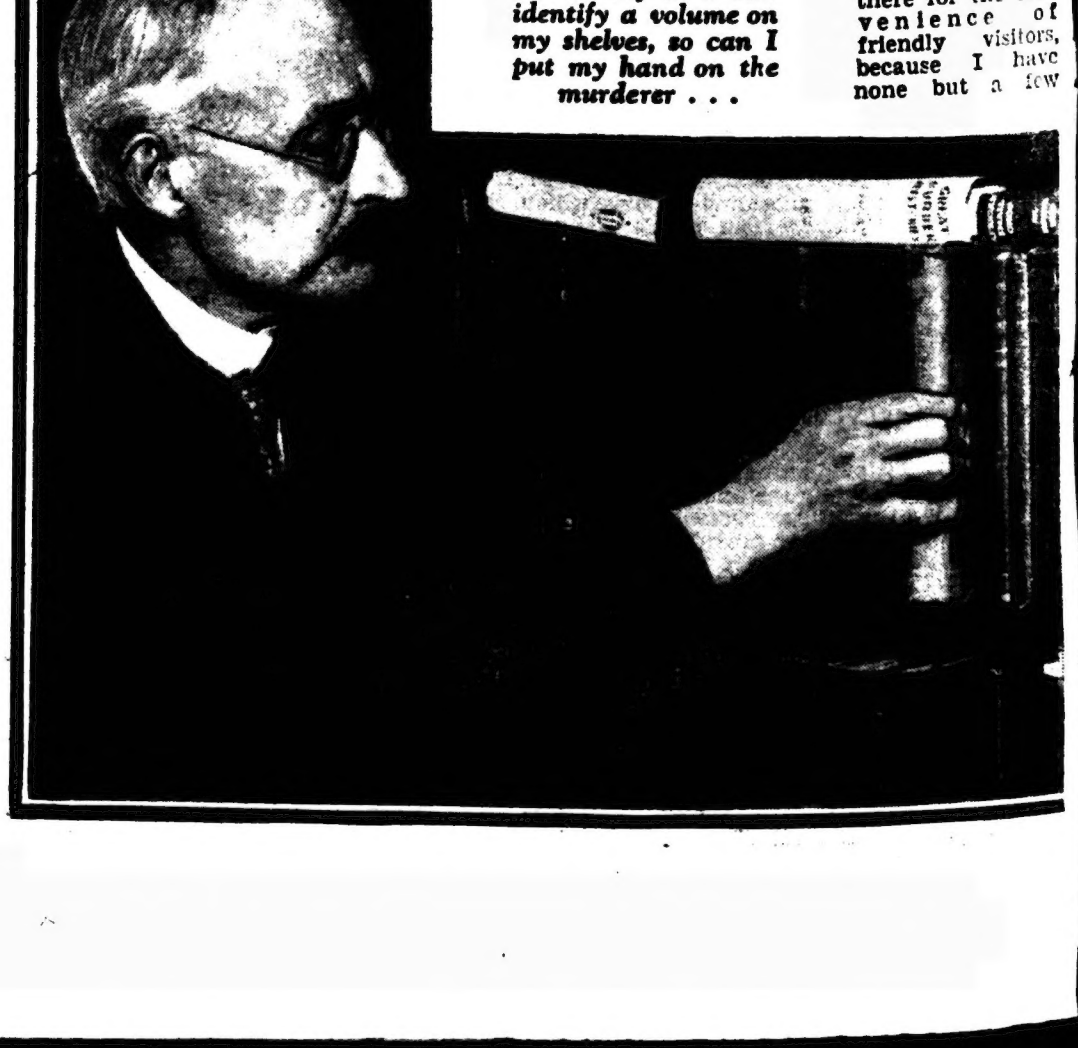
I have faced insult and false accusation and never changed countenance. If my traducers believe at any time they do observe a change, I hope they identify it as the great pity I feel for them. Malice has emptied her quiver upon me, but has not visibly wounded.

Now let me say this.

I know the murderer.

In the porch of the front door of this lonely home of mine I have fitted an electric switch and lamp.

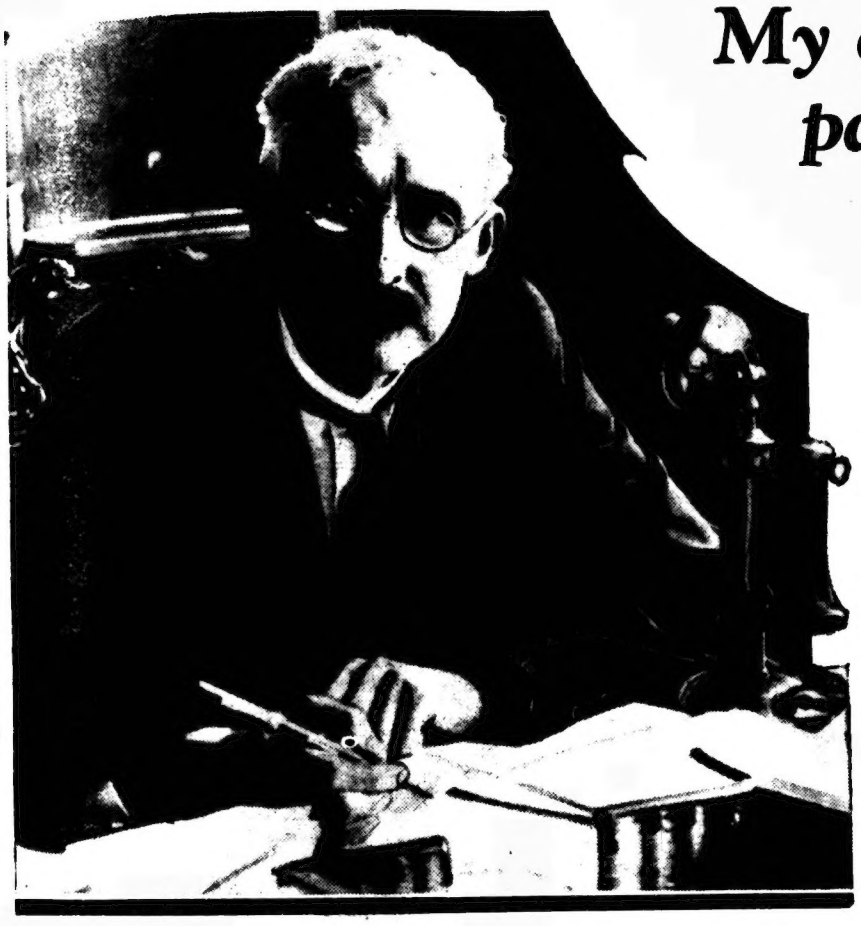
They are not there for the convenience of friendly visitors, because I have none but a few



As readily as I can identify a volume on my shelves, so can I put my hand on the murderer . . .

the MURDERER . . .

My one wish is to see him pay the penalty of his crime



"I have written the last word—only one name have I kept locked in my mind, the name of the man who killed my wife . . ."

of my trusted friends. These things have been placed there to safeguard my life.

Each night when I return home from business in Liverpool I am on the alert for attack. The position of the switch is known only to myself, and before I open my door I touch it so that the house outside and inside, and every recess where an assailant may be lurking, are lit up.

The figure which one day I fully expect to see crouching and ready to strike will be that of the man who murdered my wife.

He killed Mrs. Wallace with such savagery that he is capable of and has reason for attempting to remove me before I complete the only mission I have left in life—to place him in the dock where I stood and in the condemned cell I occupied.

I will reconstruct the crime from the knowledge that I have since obtained.

I trusted him

I do not for a moment suggest that because the Court of Criminal Appeal quashed my conviction the police would regard their dignity as publicly hurt if they now arrested the murderer.

Yet I feel bitter because, since my acquittal, they refuse to give my lawyer or myself any information as to whether and how far they have carried on any investigation.

I must have been well known to the man who took my wife's life.

In the days that followed Mrs. Wallace's death, when I was searching, possibly as intensely as the police, for a clue to the identity of the murderer, my private thoughts were often focused upon the man.

I did not then mentally convict him. I innocently believed that to establish a charge of murder against anyone justice demanded the known presence of a motive.

How sorely I was to be disillusioned when my own life was at stake! With what mixed memories of my decision not to implicate this man did I listen to the prosecuting counsel confessing that he could not show any reason why I should commit murder, yet demanding all the same that I should hang.

Found—the motive

Even after my liberty was given back to me it was some time before I would connect my suspect with the crime. There were many circumstances by which I could deduce his guilt, but my idea of fair play still demanded that I should be able to show his motive for committing the crime.

Then, at last, I discovered why he went to my house and killed my wife. He must have known my haunts, and it was easy for him to be sure when I would be at my chess club to receive the telephone message by which he lured me away from the neighbourhood of my home. In the large café which accommodates the club there is posted a list of the forthcoming matches, the players, the hour and the date.

The murder took place on a Tuesday night. Often I had in my house on Tuesdays as much as £100 of my employers' money, which I paid in weekly on Wednesdays.

He must have got to know this, and also that the money was usually kept in a cashbox and where the box always was.

The crime was this—

When I left the house, he would have been watching to see me depart.

It was my wife's rigid rule not to admit strangers into the house when she was alone, and to this day it has been a cause for speculation how the man actually made his way inside. He must have been ready with a pretext to be allowed to wait until I returned.

He followed my wife into the sitting-room, and as she bent down and lit the gas-fire he struck her, possibly with a spanner. The implement of murder was never discovered.

He had now to kill her. To strike her again while she lay on the floor and him standing over her would mean the upward spurting of blood.

Two strides took him into the lobby, where he had observed my mackintosh hanging, and he held it as a shield between him and her body while he belaboured her to death.

She must have been felled as soon as she lit the fire and before she could regulate the flow of gas. It would have been at full blaze, and as he bent at the fireplace the flame set light to the mackintosh.

Then he would see that the bottom edge of her skirt was burning, and, throwing the mackintosh down, he must have dragged her away from the fire and on to part of the coat, leaving her in the position I found her.

So intimate was the knowledge he had gained of my affairs that I can picture his surprise when he broke open the cupboard and cashbox and found only £4 on a Tuesday night.

The reason there was only £4 in the house was that at the end of the previous week I had not made my usual heavy insurance collections because I was in bed, as the police satisfied themselves, with a fever. And most of the money I had taken on the other days of the week had been disbursed to health insurance claimants. Of these facts the murderer was not aware.

Only now do I know that at the time of the crime he was in desperate straits. And I have found that he has been convicted for offences involving money. To-day, report reaches me that his appearance suggests mental disturbance and deterioration.

I have no doubt whatever in my mind that he was the man who murdered my poor wife. I think with horror at the very thought of the brutality he displayed.

For, before closing my narrative, let me say that since boyhood I have never so much as struck any person. I do not believe I could whip a naughty child or punish a dog.

If I were to die . . .

If I had ever had reason to seek the death of my wife I could not have used such methods as those by which she died. I have been a teacher of science and chemistry, and at the time of the tragedy I had at my command, even in my house, materials by which with a score of methods her end could have been brought about painlessly and without attracting suspicion.

If I were to die to-morrow I would have only one wish—to see the murderer brought to justice and this terrible stigma removed from me. Revenge will not bring my dear wife back again, but I shall be satisfied if justice is done.

Homely Wisdom
by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Plague Spots

A YOUNG fellow has written to me through the JOHN BULL office to tell me of the unpleasant apprenticeship he has been undergoing to a kind of life of which he had previously known nothing.

He is in Government service—never mind in what capacity—and has to mix daily with a lot of other fellows in his own rank and he does not find the companionship congenial.

What troubles him most is the filthy talk he is obliged to listen to—morning, noon and night—and the abominable sentiments professed by nearly every member of the unit in regard to conduct.

Brought up in a decent home, where honourable standards of living are held in respect, he cannot understand why the men with whom he has to associate now should be different from those he formerly knew, and he wonders if the kind of moral tone which jars on his sensibilities is characteristic of young England.

He is no milksop who addresses me thus. From his letter I should judge him to be a manly fellow who gives himself no airs and does not pretend to be a saint.

He seems to me to have dropped into a bad set, and he can rest assured that it is not typical of youthful English manhood.

But is it not a queer thing to note how often men are ashamed of being their best when mingling with others in the common ways of life? They seem afraid of being laughed at as prigs or being suspected of thinking themselves better than their neighbours.

It has been said that men are like mountains: they descend to meet. And it often seems so. We all find it pretty hard to resist the general tone of the set to which we belong, and if that tone happens to be a poor one we are too ready to conform to it.

How often by silence or a smile people will allow it to be understood that they agree with something which in reality they disapprove, or they will allow an absent person to be slandered or unjustly condemned without protest!

It is probable that all the men referred to by my young correspondent are at heart far better men and of purer principles than they pretend.

As Father Ronald Knox says, a curious form of affectation at the present day is the affectation of a frivolity we do not really feel.

There is nothing fine in dirty talk or in boasting of dirty deeds, and every man who indulges in it knows this without needing to be told.

The truly strong man is not he who runs with the stream or lets the animal in him get the upper hand. The strong man is he who can set himself a straight course and keep to it, whatever other people may say or do.

If I were in this young man's place I should not be in a hurry to clear out of it. It may be necessary to do so sometimes, but to stand up to adverse influences is usually better than running away from them. He is respected in the end who quietly takes his own way, and the best method of countering unfavourable opinion is to live it down.

Now, Do be a GOOD GIRL!

HANNEN SWAFFER'S *Open Letter to* Mrs. MEYRICK

DEAR MRS. MEYRICK,—Well, at last, you have made the Law look ridiculous. You have made such a fool of Justice that it has come to terms with you! You have exposed the futility of imprisonment.

You have made even a magistrate admit that shutting a woman up in Holloway does not improve her ethics, her health or her eyesight, and that in no sense does it reform or benefit.

You have been there so often, without effect, that now, at last, a London stipendiary, saying "The object of punishment is to prevent repetition of an offence and imprisonment seems singularly to have failed in your case," has actually asked you to be a nice, good girl and go to bed early, and almost suggested that, if you insist on turning on the wireless at night, you might at least close the windows so that it won't wake the baby next door.

Well, suffragettes were sent to Holloway in the old days. And, in the end, women got the vote.

Prison so far as I can see, is merely an expensive way of keeping warders in mischief.

Yes, you have promised you won't do it again, and so, you are free!

* * *

Perhaps you realise, as I do, that even a prison cell is endurable after a night club. After all, it is nice and quiet.

There are no blaring saxophones to keep you awake. There are no grinning, fatuous faces of half-drunken youths to stare at Healthy-looking wardresses must be a nice change, after all those brainless girls who, hour after hour, wag their bodies about in what is called dancing nowadays.

No doubt when you get sick to death of it all, you like the quietude of prison, the calm and the peace. At least you can sleep there. The best way to punish you would be to make you go to a night club and stop there, not as a queen, but as one of the mugs. Yes, to go there night after night as one of the silly customers.

I remember the night clubs of London at a time when there seemed a justification for their existence.

People who worked hard until very late at night, journalists and actors and music-hall artists, used to go at midnight into some German club, or some French club, or some Italian club somewhere between Leicester Square and Shaftesbury Avenue, or in Soho, and find themselves in another world, one that might have been Montmartre or some Bohemian resort in Berlin or Vienna. It was quite cheap, and usually it was quiet. People drank lager beer, which was cheap enough, or coffee, and talked.

Then Jack May started the Cosmopolitan in the early days of ragtime. Then noise became part of the idea. Before, a musical box, into which you put a penny, was the most that was thought of.

* * *

In Jack May's earlier days, it was quite genuine and really Bohemian—yes, and quite inexpensive.

Then a hundred imitations sprang up. In one of them, during the war, two Cabinet Ministers were seen drinking during prohibited hours in the afternoon, while they should have been in Whitehall. Then other members demanded drink. It spread. Then there followed the inevitable prosecution.

Night clubs became possible only where there was graft. I remember seeing you and a police sergeant and a foreign waiter facing the judge from the dock in the Old Bailey.

I do not know that drinking a glass of beer at midnight is, in itself, more evil than drinking it at mid-day. But the law must be observed, or heaven help us. The police became involved. Had graft reached the magistrates' bench and the judges, as it has done in America, we might have had gansterdom.

People of every kind ran night clubs —waiters, hard-up officers, actresses. You were the Queen of them. You made a boast of it.

You said that you had been left a widow with a young family, and that you were going to educate them, anyway. You did it well. One of your sons went to Harrow, I believe, and a daughter to Roedean and then to Girton.

You, Mrs. Meyrick, are a symbol of our age. At a time when the social fabric is crumbling, at a time when Civilisation, as we understood it before the war, is tottering to its fall, you fiddle while Home is burning.

People must not be allowed to think. They should drink instead. You stood for the divine right of gin-slings.

On the night when Pompeii ran with molten lava, parties like yours were going on, quite as silly, quite as noisy, and even more expensive. Brainless people must be bored somehow, and they do not like boredom unless it costs them money. You charged them so much that they have liked it.

* * *

Every evening you have gone along to your club, locked the door, so that people would want to go in; made it illegal, so that it would be attractive; kept it smoky and smelly, and hot and stuffy, in case any of God's cool night air came in and sobered someone.

All night long, stoic-like, you have been bored to tears until early dawn. You have seen the most stupid people in the world grinning. You have heard them bleat. And, every now and then, you have said, "Now, then, you have had enough," or "Be a good boy, now."

Then, in the morning, you have taken your bag, full of money, home, and, later in the day, banked it. The police got some of it, but the rest went to keep your family.

How quietly restful you must have felt in prison! But, now, even the doors of Holloway are closed in your face. You cannot find a rest cure anywhere. There is no peace for you, now. There is no rest for the bleary.

* * *

When you want peace now, you must go and sit in that club at 43, Gerrard Street, in the daytime, when, because anyone can go in then, no one wants to go.

Oh, it must be so peaceful, when none of the stupid customers are about, when there is no noise, and no cackling laughter!

Sit there and say to yourself, closing your eyes, "This is Holloway." Then you will be happy.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR MAJESTY,—Your approval of the award of the Edward Medal to the late John Birks, of Manchester, is a tribute to a noble act of self-sacrifice.

Birks, a young man of twenty-four, covered with his body a youthful workmate when a torrent of scalding water suddenly descended upon them, and suffered a terrible death so that his friend might live.

As I said at the time, this is an example of heroism that should never be forgotten.

JOHN BULL.

Signor MUSSOLINI: You recommend books and rifles as chief Fascist weapons. I distrust missionaries who profess to teach morality with guns.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN,
Royal College of Art, London

DEAR SIR,—Your views on art are unassailable, but on what grounds do you say that business men are muddle-headed, inaccurate and unpractical?

It takes more than a muddle-head to run a big business nowadays, and, in the main, it is the business man who has sufficient money to buy the work of artists

True, there are muddlers in every calling. I know quite a few in yours.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MARJORIE RANDALL,
Bolton, Lancashire

HEROINE,—Returning to work overtime at the office where you are employed, you found the building ablaze. After two unsuccessful attempts you struggled through smoke and flames to the telephone, collapsing the moment after you had given the alarm.

The two men who rescued you should know that they saved a girl as brave as themselves.

JOHN BULL.

Miss CHARLOTTE COWDROY,
Crouch End High School, London

DEAR MADAM,—Your outspoken condemnation of the wickedness in "setting girls against the normal, the healthy, the best and happiest course of life—as a wife and mother"—has my warm approval.

It is good to find someone preaching a brand of feminism that is really feminine. The girls under your guidance are evidently in good hands.

JOHN BULL.

LORD TRENCHARD,
Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

MY LORD,—I trust you will take drastic steps to end the disgraceful scenes in Piccadilly at night.

After ten o'clock the famous street is the haunt of the vilest types of blackmailers and degenerates. They work in gangs of three or four and their methods and morals are obvious.

Their numbers are growing—to the shame of the Metropolis. It is high time they were put behind prison bars.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE ROCHE: Sending thief to prison for 21 months at Leeds for robbing with violence man of 78, you threatened to have similar offenders flogged in future. Why not have deterred them by ordering long-term penal servitude for this ruffian?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN GILMOUR, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—In the distressed mining areas of South Wales there is a voluntary "back to the land" movement which should receive your department's support.

Workless miners have formed clubs to rent and cultivate disused land. Unfortunately, some are hampered by lack of tools, seeds, and plants.

These, I suggest, deserve financial assistance from the Government.

JOHN BULL.

ERNEST HARRY PATEMAN,
Horsham, Sussex

CAD,—Down and out, you were befriended by a showman. You repaid his kindness by stealing a raincoat and money "to try to get a more respectable job."

You got instead, within three hours of committing the theft, two months' hard labour.

I never felt more satisfied with the swiftness of retribution.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
North London Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—In fining a man 7s. 6d. for imprisoning a bird in a cage so small that it severely injured itself and had to be destroyed, you told him that if he did not pay he would be confined for a day in a space relatively as small as the bird's cage.

That may sound like making the punishment fit the crime, but you forget that the man gave the bird no option.

JOHN BULL.

Should HUSBANDS do the Cooking?

asks

A. G. GARDINER

WHEN the King's master chef, Monsieur Cédard, opened the new series of cookery demonstrations at the Soho School of Cookery a few days ago, the English housewife was, figuratively speaking, put in the dock and found very guilty indeed.

She was convicted not only of not knowing her job, but, as a consequence, of destroying the happy homes of England.

For the key to a happy home, it was argued, is in the kitchen.

"The whole battle of marriage is fought about the dining-room table—and always will be," said one of the experts, and it is suggested that most of the domestic breakages in our happy land have their root in a badly-served table, meat that is tough and vegetables that are ill-cooked.

The indictment levelled against the English wife is that she has no interest in what should be her chief concern.

She has a different scale of values from that of the French wife. The Frenchwoman has no vote, but, however rich she may be, she will supervise her kitchen and see that her daughter has regular instruction in cooking and intelligent shopping.

But the English wife has a soul above the pots and pans.

Culinary ignorance

A young English girl about to be married nowadays, said Mr. Boettiger, has difficulty in poaching an egg or preventing the bacon from being cremated. If she employs a cook she cannot keep her up to the mark because she is ignorant of the cook's job. The cook knows this and does her cooking badly because she has not the incentive of working for an instructed mistress.

And the conclusion is that the British husband should not blame the cook for ill-feeding him, but should blame his wife. She should know better. She should not be too lazy or too proud to learn the rudiments of "the noblest of all arts for a woman"—the art of making a husband happy.

No doubt there is much truth in all this; but there is also much exaggeration.

There is exaggeration, for example, in the assumption on which the attack is based—the assumption, that is, that we English are all barbarians in the matter of cooking.

Admittedly, we are wasteful. It is an axiom that the French or German housewife would keep her table supplied with what the English housewife throws away.

Disguises for food

The uneconomic habits of the English in the matter of food are due to the greater measure of prosperity which this country has had in comparison with any other European country.

The general standard of living in all Continental countries has been far below that enjoyed here, and the thrift of the French and German and still more the Italian women has been learned in the hard school of necessity. They have given more attention to the problem of food and the preparation of food because that problem has been a much more urgent consideration than with us.

But, while admitting the charge of wastefulness, it is necessary to repudiate the legend that the English know nothing of the arts of the kitchen.

In the quality and the variousness of our food, there is no people on earth, excepting perhaps the Americans, who enjoy so high an average level of living. And it is partly due to that quality and variety that we have neglected the arts by which inferior food may be made appetising.

Voltaire said long ago that the English had forty religions and only one sauce. He meant it as a gibe, but it was as much a compliment as a gibe, for, after all, sauces are not food.

The merit of the English table is that it gives you more of the natural flavours of food and fewer of the deceptions of taste than any other.

All this may be claimed without disputing the broad justice of the allegation that in the finer arts of the kitchen we lag far behind the French. And I am not sure that the fact is not due to what Mr. Boettiger calls a certain "snobbishness" on our part.

We regard cooking as a menial task, unworthy of the serious consideration of people who can do anything else.

It is a singular fact, for as a people we are as susceptible to the enticements of the table as any. Our literature is rich in good eating and drinking. The pages of Dickens reek with the odours of boiled and roast. Parson Woodforde's delightful "Diary" is chiefly remarkable as a picture of how well our forefathers did themselves at the table in Farmer George's days. And writers like Hazlitt, Peacock and Saintsbury are never tired of singing the praises of good food.

But, much as we like good eating, we have never taken the art of cooking seriously. We have treated it as if it "came by nature," as Dogberry said of reading and writing.

Mother and little Joan co-operate in a culinary adventure . . . but they'll never get dad to join in

No man's land

Nothing is more significant of this than the fact that the last place in which to find an Englishman is the kitchen.

If cooking were a calling forbidden to men, it could not be more completely shunned than it is by the whole body of Englishmen. It is not because they are not interested in food, and it cannot be because they are all congenitally incapable of the art of cooking.

It is because there is a notion that cooking is not a man's job and that a self-respecting male would lose caste if he went into a kitchen. It is a queer case of sex-vanity, and it explains the disrepute in which the gastronomic art is held in this country.

I do not share the opinion which William Morris, the poet, once expressed that there are two things no woman can do—she cannot cook a dinner and she cannot make a dress. All of us know plenty of women who can do both.

But, while repudiating Morris's unchivalrous suggestion, it must be admitted that the French supremacy in the higher arts of cooking and millinery has been established by men.

The patron saint of French cooking is Brillat-Savarin, whose centenary was celebrated not long ago with as much reverence as if he had been the Pope of Rome or the President of the Republic.

We have only to conceive of the idea of celebrating the centenary of a famous cook at the Ritz or the Savoy to appreciate the gulf that separates the British estimate of the art of cooking from that of the French. And if we erected a statue to Mrs. Beeton or Mrs. Glass in Trafalgar Square, the very lions at the foot of Nelson's column might be expected to stand up and roar with laughter.

The result of this contemptuous attitude to the culinary art is that we have handed over a highly paid calling to French and Italian practitioners.

There is, I suppose, not an important club in London, or a restaurant of any repute in the West End, or a private dwelling of any magnificence where an alien does not reign in the kitchen. And without exception that alien wears trousers beneath his white apron and overalls.

I do not advocate a revolution in the home, but I am sure that the only way to raise the standard of English cooking is to recognise it as one of the fine arts, worthy of engaging the faculties either of men or of women.

We cannot expect to shine in an art which we hold in scorn.

Not from the B.B.C.—Constance Bennett has a touch of

Hollywood Hay Fever

MY telephone's ringing and ringing;
Reporters knock loud at my door;
Each post shoals of letters is bringing,
And telegrams come by the score,
All asking to know if I truthfully mean
To do what I threaten—retire from the screen.

For long now my thoughts have been turning
To sweeter and simpler delights;
I find myself yearning and yearning
For scents that are rural and sights
For which, here in Hollywood, vainly I seek—
A slave at some thousands of dollars a week!

I am not the first poor little rich girl who, having scaled the heights of Hollywood, has found herself wondering whether the dizzy perch is worth the exertion of the climb—not to mention the nerve-racking business of clinging to it.

We all have these moments of depression, but cynics say that they are only moments, and that they usually arrive when a contract is due shortly to expire and film magnates have to be made to realise that a simple, unspoilt girl, longing for the Simple Life, will require an extra large helping of dollars to overcome her dolour.

Yet, despite the blaze of publicity in which they live, film stars are often of a singularly retiring nature. Some, indeed, have made as many farewell appearances as the most retiring prima donna!

It is, of course, a habit with many people to doubt the sincerity of public men and women who express a hankering for obscurity. When a Cabinet Minister announces that nothing would please him more than to put aside the cares of office and devote himself to shampooing his pigs and manicuring his pumpkins, his hearers smile politely, but mentally they murmur "Garn!"

Similar disbelief awaits the film star with Arcadian aspirations. Yet when I wrote to my sister-in-law, the Comtesse de Falaise, saying that I intended to retire in September, I meant every word of it—at the moment. In fact, I still mean it. But, of course, I cannot be expected to know how I shall feel when September comes.

After all, I have earned the right to live the Simple Life, and, what is more, I have earned enough to be able to live it in style!

For a long time I have been trying to save enough from my super-salary to enable me to retire, and as my husband, the Marquis de Falaise, has a chateau in France, we are well equipped to embark upon a life of truly rural activities.

And oh, what joy this will be after the hustle and bustle, the glamour and glitter of the cities!

The Constance that the public knows,
How little is she like
The Constance that I mean to be
When in September I am free
From camera and "mike"!

Then, as a daughter of the soil,
The peasants' life I'll share.
Yes, I am quite resolved to keep
Some cows, at least a brace of sheep,
Likewise of pigs a pair.

And think how jolly it will be
To prune the new-mown hay,
And shear the cows, and milk the lambs,
And pump the water from the dams,
And coax the chooks to lay!

The thought of all these simple joys
Makes me so very keen
To sample them, that if I get
A chance I will enjoy them yet—
If only on the screen!

'Sweetened in Bond'—
the 'long-time' smoke!

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(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Bigbies, Wrapper Vests, Bath Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

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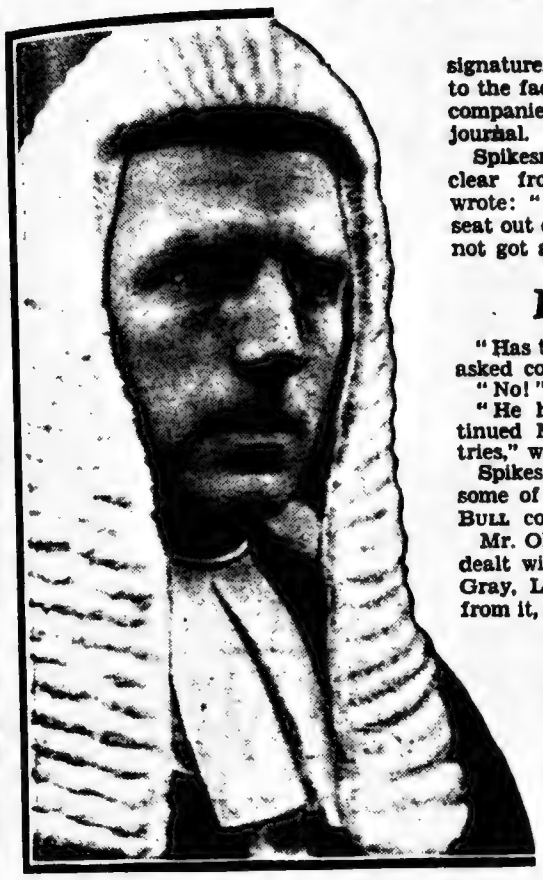


"Has the 'John Bull' dog bitten you?" he asked Spikesman.—Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C.

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Informations

BEHIND the recent conviction of five men in a £20,000 fraud case at the Old Bailey, London, lies a story of a long fight which JOHN BULL has waged in the public interest.

Gratifying references were made to the services performed by this paper, but the full details remain to be told.

The central figure in this trial was Leslie Archibald Spikesman, who has been described as the "Home-work King," and about whom I have issued numerous warnings. The other men were merely his underlings.

Although it was revealed at the trial that he was living in luxury and enjoying an income of £10,000 from one venture alone, the majority of his victims are people of limited means, struggling to earn their livelihood.

In one guise or another, controlling a score of undertakings, he professed to be able to give ambitious folk unrivalled opportunities for making money at home. His bait was always attractive; his propositions were always plausible.

Huge hauls

He enrolled victims by the hundred thousand, and in every case extracted preliminary fees ranging from a few shillings to five guineas. In one venture alone he robbed the public in this way of nearly £12,000!

Special mention was made during the trial of an exposure which appeared in these columns in September, 1930, in which Spikesman was denounced as "the greatest exploiter of dubious home-employment schemes in this country."

The following are actual extracts from the cross-examination of Spikesman by Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C.

Handing him a letter bearing his own signature, Mr. Oliver drew his attention to the fact that the failure of one of his companies was attributed to this journal.

Spikesman's fear of JOHN BULL is clear from this letter, in which he wrote: "The JOHN BULL dog took the seat out of their trousers, and they have not got a new pair yet."

Bulldog's teeth

"Has the JOHN BULL dog bitten you?" asked counsel.

"No!" replied Spikesman.

"He had a try, did he not?" continued Mr. Oliver. "He had several tries," was the retort of Spikesman.

Spikesman agreed that he had read some of the articles published in JOHN BULL concerning him.

Mr. Oliver produced one article which dealt with a concern called Grant and Gray, Ltd., and after reading extracts from it, Mr. Oliver asked: "Is that what you call being bitten in the trousers by JOHN BULL?"

Spikesman: I do not consider so.

Counsel: Why did you not bring an action against them?

Spikesman: I did not think it necessary.

Counsel: It was calling you a swindler in terms. Why did you not bring an action?

Spikesman: I did not consider they were worth spending money on.

Counsel: I am suggesting it was actually and literally true, and that was why you did not take action against them.

Spikesman: It is not.

Counsel: That is calling you not only a swindler, but a professional swindler who preys upon the very very poor people?

Spikesman: Yes.

Counsel: Can you imagine anything more horrible to be called than those things?

Spikesman: They are not true.

Counsel: Why did you do nothing?

Spikesman: Because I did not feel myself justified to defend myself against what they said.

Counsel: According to your own letter JOHN BULL is capable of biting the seat out of people's pants—*putting them out of action*?

Spikesman: Yes, so I heard.

Counsel: I suggest the only reason you did nothing was because every word of that was actually true?

Astounding career

All the circumstances considered, this rogue has escaped very lightly in being sentenced to twenty months' imprisonment with hard labour. But it is reassuring to know that he will be out of harm's way for a time at least and that credit has been given to JOHN BULL for the part it played in bringing him to book.

The full story of his astounding career is far too long to be recorded here, but I feel that I may fittingly refer to the principal swindles with which he has been connected in order to show why he was so chary of answering questions about this paper's attitude towards his schemes.

Two of his earliest ventures were Bell and Company, of Paradise Street, Liverpool, and Duke Street, London, and Owen and Company, of York Street, London.

He ran them just long enough to reap a harvest of fees for alleged "business secrets"; then he launched Stone and Company for selling equally worthless "moneymaking plans."

Next he blossomed forth as Hope and Sons, and, under the cloak of a supposed debt-collecting agency, secured further fees from employees who believed they were being offered worthwhile employment with an established concern.

Folkestone's Chief Constable Beesley, last to tackle, first to catch the Home-work King

Each fresh scheme seemed to grow more comprehensive in scope, and JOHN BULL, scenting Spikesman behind them all, lost no time in warning readers to shun them.

We won

Following one big exposure of a particularly impudent business venture, he gave an undertaking to the police to close down immediately; but with characteristic impudence he immediately registered three new companies at Somerset House and was soon at his swindling games again!

Complaints poured in to Scotland Yard from all parts of the country, but Spikesman, who was building up a colossal organisation, kept steadfastly on.

He recognised the menace of publicity, however, and suddenly issued a writ against this paper in an impudent attempt to muzzle it.

But he was too clever to risk the inevitable revelations that would have been made had the case come to court. After innumerable delays and taking the fullest advantage of time limits, he finally dropped his action, and JOHN BULL obtained judgment by default.

Although he was then living in luxury it was necessary to put in the bailiffs in order to obtain costs!

When he found that he could not escape the vigilance of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department, Spikesman, who had always maintained offices in London, suddenly decided to go further afield.

Soon he was operating from Hitchin, St. Albans and Bedford under a variety of high-sounding trading names, such as the British Showcard Service, the Owen Manufacturing Company, Imperial Publicity, Grant and Gray, and Mail Traders, Ltd.

Fine police work

My department has dealt with thousands of enquiries and, apart from the various warnings which have appeared in these pages, countless individual letters have been sent out advising caution.

Then, with the intention of making the biggest swindling drive of his career, Spikesman concentrated most of his resources at Folkestone.

He founded a new group of companies, including one to give instruction in glove making by post, which was known as Hertons, Ltd.

He spread his net more widely than ever, for he had not been operating long in this new field before I received enquiries from readers in Orkney and Shetland, who had been favoured with his printed matter!

But he was unwise in his choice of Folkestone as his new headquarters. It so happened that the Chief Constable there, Mr. A. S. Beesley, is an old Scotland Yard C.I.D. officer and also a reader of JOHN BULL.

The moment Spikesman and his band of followers opened their campaign in his territory, Mr. Beesley promptly issued instructions that they should be kept under close observation.

Spikesman's arrest followed, with the result now known. My readers, I am sure, will note his passing with justifiable satisfaction.

Bogus Official's FRAUDS

VARIOUS Government departments have found it necessary to issue a special warning against an impostor with a string of assumed names, including those of Long, Fell, Grant, Cook, Robson and Fawcett, who represents himself as an important Government official.

In Derby, only the other day, he took rooms at an hotel and let it be generally known that he was there on behalf of the Board of Education with a view to selecting a site for a new school.

He made various purchases at local shops and found no difficulty in cashing cheques which bore the printed inscription: "O.H.M.S. Lands Department—Account Certified." But he left Derby suddenly and his cheques were found to be forgeries.

At Northampton he went further and declared that he was taking a house in the district as he had secured an official appointment.

To lend colour to his story of permanent residence, he even ordered a lawn-mower, but tendered one of his forged cheques and secured over £9 in change.

In Leeds, where he raised similar sums with equal ease and assurance, his miscellaneous purchases included toy engines!

Sometimes he poses as an official of H.M. Office of Works, and he carries round with him a lot of printed matter that seems to bear out his stories.

His victims are increasing in number daily, despite the official warnings that have been issued regarding him, and news of his present whereabouts would be welcomed.

GREAT ANIMAL LOVERS CONTEST

£15,000 for 6D

Organised by the
Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the "Daily Herald."

This Appeal is supported by: Lt.-Col. Sir Merrik R. Burrell, Bart., C.B.E. (Chairman); Most Hon. the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl Bathurst, C.M.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harewood, K.C.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Yarborough; Rt. Hon. Lord Daresbury, C.V.O.; Rt. Hon. Lord Glanely; Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, C.B.; Rt. Hon. Lord Mildmay of Flete; Rt. Hon. Lord Woolavington, K.C.V.O.; Major Sir Leonard Brassey, Bart., M.P.; Sir Ralph Jackson, M.R.C.V.S.; Maj.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.; Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G.; Major P. T. C. Holiday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E.; W. Parkin-Moore, Esq.; Lt.-Col. E. W. Stanyforth, C.B.; Capt. Robert B. Brassey.

£10,000 **First Prize—An extra £5,000 will be awarded to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." 2nd Prize £500; 3rd Prize £250.**

THE whole of the Prize Money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald," and the whole of the profits will be handed over to the Royal Veterinary College.

ENTER FOR THIS CONTEST TO-DAY

Use your brains. Exercise your judgment and skill. Which 12 Slogans given on the Entry Form on the right are most likely to help in this great appeal on behalf of the Royal Veterinary College? Your selection may win for you the First Prize of £10,000, with an extra £5,000 added if you are a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald"—making £15,000 in all.

All that you are asked to do is to select the best 12 out of the 28 Slogans given on the Entry Form on the right. Insert 12 Crosses only in the blank spaces provided. You are not asked to place the Slogans in any order of merit.

The big prizes offered in this Contest Must be Won. Fill in the Entry Form on the right to-day. Send in your Entries early. The closing date will be announced shortly.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

(1). Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2). Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3). In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the judges will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4). Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form, and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

(5). After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6). In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7). The Royal Veterinary College reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the College upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Royal Veterinary College takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8). Employees of the Royal Veterinary College and the "Daily Herald" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9). The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition; but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10). Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

Further Entry Forms appear each day in the "Daily Herald."

GREAT
Animal Lovers' Contest
Organised by the Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the "Daily Herald."

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. *Ink must be used.*

Help Our Dumb Friends!		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?					
2	Please help the pal that never lets you down.					
3	A Gift in Time Saves a Life Like Mine.					
4	I'm game enough for anything, are YOU game enough to help me?					
5	"Man-kind" they call you:—DO prove that it's true!					
6	Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven.					
7	I gave you my "Faith," Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"?					
8	As one Sport to another, please give us a leg up.					
9	I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf.					
10	I'll give the "lick" if you'll give the promise.					
11	Your "Generosity" will be rewarded with "Dumb" gratitude.					
12	You'd love to help me? Thanks. I'd LOVE you to.					
13	Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands.					
14	Be a Pal and Help a Pal.					
15	We LIVE for you—won't you GIVE for us?					
16	A little help in time is better than a lot too late.					
17	Affectionate and True, in return, I look for help from you.					
18	You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?					
19	You loved me when in health; now give me health—for love.					
20	Animals suffer in silence—Don't be "silent" to their sufferings.					
21	We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through.					
22	A silent appeal calling for a sound response.					
23	I'm game when I'm well, so play the game when I'm not.					
24	You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging.					
25	Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action.					
26	With my eyes I plead for the help I need.					
27	Appealing little beggar, aren't I? Can I "touch" you?					
28	Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose

P.O. Number ..... value ..... covering ..... entries.

P.O. is crossed/& Co./and is made payable to The Royal Veterinary College.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B. 1.

Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B. 1.) ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ROBBED of HALF his LIFE

Thirty of his seventy years have been spent in cruel captivity—Isaiah Meechan

ON a bitterly cold morning a few months ago the gates of Perth prison opened to allow a bent and aged man to hobble forth into the outer world. A waiting relative handed him an overcoat, which he wrapped gratefully about him, and the prison gates closed once more. The released man was Isaiah Meechan, and in his pocket was the most precious thing he has known in this century—the certificate for his "unconditional" discharge.

The alternative of "conditional" discharge had often been offered to him: twice he had accepted this compromise, and twice he had been snatched back into captivity after brief spells of freedom.

But now, his long fight ended, he began to enjoy full freedom for the first time in thirty years.

Dire poverty

No one could rob him of his liberty again; he could take his place in society instead of being herded with persistent criminals and murderers certified insane.

For Perth prison is the Broadmoor of Scotland. One great section is set aside as a criminal lunatic asylum.

It has been the appalling fate of Isaiah Meechan to be incarcerated in this place for nearly half his lifetime!

Few men can have been more grievously wronged. Yet now, in the winter of his years, he has been flung back to the world, with no thought for his future welfare.

Could anything be more monstrous? Could official callousness go any farther?

We have gone thoroughly into Meechan's tragic story and propose to reveal the salient facts here that the public may realise how shamefully he has been wronged.

Throughout the weary years of his imprisonment this hapless man has sought to obtain justice. Prime Ministers, Secretaries for State, Members of Parliament, medical practitioners occupying Government positions—all have been appealed to in vain.

Yet, during his long incarceration, Meechan has seen more than one murderer, "detained during His Majesty's pleasure," pass to freedom.

What is his story? In 1902 he was working in a Dundee shipyard and lodging locally with a married sister. He freely admits that he used to drink occasionally and that liquor sometimes affected his mind unduly.

There was nothing really unbalanced in his nature, and it was agreed that a little treatment in the local infirmary might tone up his system and restore his usual poise.

This view was seemingly confirmed by a doctor who, after thoroughly examining Meechan, suggested that only a day or two's treatment was required.

Meechan accordingly entered the local infirmary, but when his sister called there five days later to see how he was getting on she was amazed to find that he had been removed to West Green Asylum, some miles away!

Among the madmen

She asked to see the medical man who had originally examined her brother, and remonstrated with him for having sent Meechan away without notifying her that any new developments had arisen.

To her horror she learnt that in the five days which had elapsed since her brother had entered the infirmary for "a little treatment" he had been certified by two doctors as insane!

That certificate, for some extraordinary reason, has never been produced. No relative or friend has ever seen it; nor was anyone notified of this drastic action!

Meechan's agony of mind on finding himself locked up in an asylum with real maniacs can only be imagined. A sturdy, independent man, brought up in the rough atmosphere of the shipyards, one can appreciate that he would not submit readily to such monstrous treatment.

The experience was sufficient to drive the mildest man to desperation. One day, feeling utterly dejected, he declined his breakfast. Three attendants descended upon him, and in the scuffle which ensued, Meechan was badly knocked about. Though he reported the incident to the doctor in charge, no action was taken.

Three months later Meechan's sister encountered a friend who expressed great sympathy at the terrible trouble which had overtaken her brother.

She was thunderstruck, because no news had reached her at all. The friend then showed her an evening paper which stated that Meechan was being charged before the Sheriff on the following day "for stabbing a doctor."

Assault charge

But for this chance encounter, this relative might have been left entirely in ignorance of her brother's dreadful predicament. Not a line had been received from the authorities, and it was now too late to look into matters or make adequate arrangements for her brother's defence.

Being labelled insane, his fate was not officially considered of moment to his closest relatives or friends; nor could he be allowed to plead.

He was supposed to have assaulted a doctor by beating him in the face with his hand and stabbing him in the side with a knife.

But a month had elapsed since the incident and the evidence was absurdly flimsy. The doctor actually admitted that he was unaware that he had been stabbed for days after the alleged attack. Then he found only a little scratch, barely a third of an inch in length!

The only article found in Meechan's possession which, by any stretch of imagination, could have been termed a "weapon" was a small penknife which had been lent to him by a warder to clean his pipe!

Although Meechan begged to be allowed to speak and to call witnesses, urging that he had been badly treated by attendants, he was promptly sent to Perth prison for what has turned out to be practically a life sentence.

As we have said, he tried every available means of drawing attention to his plight. The letters he wrote to friends, full of kindly thought for others, reveal a courageous attitude.

"You say I should not write such long letters, but, Thomas, they cannot be too long . . ." he wrote on one occasion. "I am here because I was not dealt with fairly in court, and, if that head attendant was heard against me, my witnesses should have been heard also. . . . So letters cannot be too long going out of here if they are going to do me any good. . . ."

Broken health

Then—

"How glad, Thomas, I was to get a visit from you on New Year's Day! You cheered me up greatly. Tell the men in the shipyard I was asking kindly for them, and tell them I am keeping strong and healthy. . . ."

But that health was not to last. To-day, though free, he is suffering from a rupture he developed in Perth prison. He is seventy and unable to do any work.

When the Prisons Department for Scotland finally notified Meechan's sister of his release, insult was added to injury.

"On the unconditional liberation of your brother," the letter runs, "the liability of the Prisons Department in respect of his maintenance will cease, and, if you do not desire to take charge of him, he will be handed over on his liberation to the Inspector of Poor, Perth."

Then, as an ironic afterthought, the following extraordinary footnote was added:

"P.S.—This means that he will be a free man."

Free! With the magnanimous offer of the poor-house if he cannot fend for himself or relatives cannot help him!

To the workhouse?

So far, this much-wronged veteran has contrived to struggle on, drawing 15s. a week from a Public Assistance Committee, on which he can just exist.

"I have nothing to buy tobacco or clothes with, or to pay for a shave," he tells us. "I am dependent entirely for these things on the occasional coppers I get from people living in the neighbourhood."

But what is to happen to him when the Public Assistance Committee can do no more. Must he go to the workhouse to end his days in despair?

But even if, after all these years, he can now prove that his incarceration was due to official blundering in the beginning, there is no law by which he can claim compensation.

The Human Machine

Are You a Miser?

IT may well be that future writers will describe this as the great age of Depression; for on all hands there is an inordinate amount of gloom. People seem to have forgotten how to be glad.

Yet anyone can be sad. It needs neither intelligence nor cleverness. You have only to adopt a negative instead of a positive attitude to life, and you promptly open the door to the blackest depression imaginable.

To give way to depression is to lose our self-respect. Men and women owe it to themselves to realise that they have in them the power to dominate their circumstances, and that it is always a confession of weakness to allow circumstances to overweigh their powers of thought and their ability to create their own world by a proper use of their ambitions and their interests.

Not that life is not hard—it is. Life is hard for nearly everyone. It is reasonably easy to exist; but to live, actively and fully and usefully, is never easy. It needs courage and determination and hope. It needs, above all, a sturdy realisation of the truth that we can do what we like with our own lives.

As a matter of fact, a lot of depression is not far removed from plain selfishness; for it denotes, if not inability, at least a disinclination to project oneself into the hopes, aspirations and ambitions of others.

The truth is that no one can be really happy in his own life who does not actively and definitely try to introduce happiness into the life of someone else; for to attempt to hoard happiness is as futile as to hoard gold.

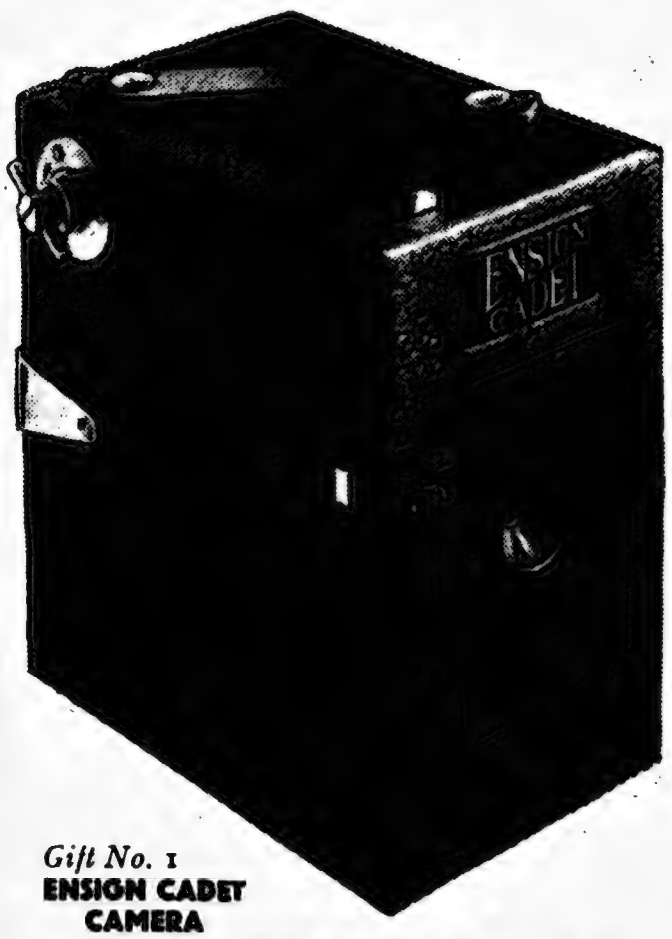
Depression is, not infrequently, the result of being miserly with life.

FREE!

YOUR CHOICE OF THREE FINE CAMERAS

This is a most remarkable offer. Three cameras by two famous makers .... *absolutely free* to smokers with the discrimination to choose "Private Seal" Cigarettes—and keep the coupons.

The number of coupons required is small—the real value of the camera is great. One of them is the camera you want for the holidays. Start saving your coupons for it now.



Gift No. 1
ENSIGN CADET CAMERA

Compact, handsomely finished, takes splendid pictures; vest pocket size (2¼" x 1⅝"). Unusually low cost for developing and printing. High quality snapshot lens, and direct view-finder at eye-level.

150 COUPONS
(*only* 25 *packets of* 20)
Canvas carrying case 50 *coupons extra*

Gift No. 2
ENSIGN "CUPID" CAMERA

The most economical camera on the market, its upkeep costs just half the usual for ordinary camera of similar size. On a standard 8-exposure film roll it allows you to take 16 photographs. High-grade achromatic lens, time and instantaneous shutter, safety catch, carrying handle. Blue or black finish. With smart canvas case.

300 COUPONS
(50 *packets of* 20)

PRIVATE SEAL CIGARETTES

★ *20 for* 1/- *10 for* 6d. *Cork-tipped or plain*

Gift No. 59
IMPERIAL PORTRAIT CAMERA

Made by the famous firm of Thornton Pickard Ltd. Takes beautiful pictures, 3¼ x 2¼, and can be used for snapshots as well as close-up portraits. Two view finders, time and instantaneous shutter. Covered in Black, Blue, Brown or Green.

200 COUPONS (34 *packets of* 20)

SIX COUPONS FREE

Please send me the latest Private Seal List of Gifts in colour—including Gramophones, Wireless Sets, Razors, Everyman's Library, Rugs, Bicycles, Handbags, Suitcases, Toys and dozens of other free gifts—and six FREE Coupons.

J.B. 21.5.32.

Name.....

Address.....

Post coupon (½d *stamp in an unsealed envelope*) *to*

MOUSTAFA LTD., 84 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

6 COUPONS IN EVERY PACKET OF 20 · 3 COUPONS IN EVERY PACKET OF 10

This van contains the Dartmoor convicts en route for their Princetown trial. Baines made capital out of their predicament

The PRISONERS' "FRIEND" UNMASKED

Dartmoor DEFENCE *Sensation*

THE close of the Dartmoor mutiny trial makes it possible for us to reveal a remarkable story, the facts of which could not be published previously without prejudicing the legal position of those prisoners involved.

We hope that this exposure will bring to an end the operations of an enterprising and voluble individual named Mr. Cecil Hamilton Baines, who has contrived to gain considerable prominence as the secretary of an organisation known as the Prison Reform Society and the Poor Prisoners' Defence League.

Though offices have been established in Palace Chambers, Bridg Street, Westminster, S.W., and Guilford Street, London, W.C., most of the society's business seems to have been conducted latterly from Mr. Baines' own address at 181, Sutherland Avenue, London, W.

He has been collecting money for his organisation for some time, but seized the occasion of the Dartmoor mutiny for redoubling his efforts and gaining Press publicity.

Highly-coloured stories

Among other things he claimed that his society was representing and arranging the defence of the prisoners, and he regaled interviewers with graphic stories of certain astounding "discoveries" that had been made regarding things that had been "going on behind the scenes" at the prison.

This latter contention formed the core of a somewhat unusual appeal he was preparing for issue to the public.

Printed upon the notepaper of the Prison Reform Society, these appeals emphasised the fact that the chief object of the movement was to assist discharged convicts.

It is Mr. Baines' boast that no deserving case is ever turned away; that while intending to bring about law and prison reform, his society also provides employment, free board and lodging and free defence for worthy prisoners.

According to him the under-dog is always given a sporting chance, and special attention is accorded to men and women who have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the law through one slight lapse, thus being branded for ever.

Famous folk duped

So, with Dartmoor defences to be arranged on top of this heavy programme of self-appointed duties, further funds were essential. The latest appeal circulars made this very clear.

A significant thing about the notepaper on which some of his appeals were printed is the appearance of Lord Brotherton's name as president, but crossed out in red ink.

We are not surprised, because we happen to know that several other influential people, including Sir Herbert Samuelson, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Lady Astor, and Lord Burnham, have found their names being used in like fashion, and have compelled the society to discontinue such impudent practices.

That Mr. Baines is a master of plausibility may be gauged from a typical story of how he once gained the temporary support of an M.P.

When a personal visit to the House of Commons met with rebuff, he wrote an appealing letter, begging for reconsideration. It says much for his powers of persuasion that the M.P. consented, under this second attack, to lend support.

Limelight on him!

Baines forthwith used the M.P.'s name in the furtherance of his society, but he did not enjoy the prestige of its use for long.

The M.P. enquired more closely into this organisation and quickly withdrew the offer of support.

In addition to his circularising campaigns, of which the Dartmoor one was the latest, Mr. Baines has also advertised in the Press, declaring that funds are urgently needed to maintain the society's good work and keep ex-convicts who have been turned adrift.

But he overdid his Dartmoor publicity and attracted more notice than he desired.

In the first place, a barrister concerned with the defence stated publicly that he had been instructed on behalf of certain prisoners long before the Prison Reform Society ever came into the field.

Then Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, stated in reply to a question in the House of Commons, that no facilities had been given to a "person representing himself to be the secretary of the Prison Reform Society, and that further, as this so-called society is not a reputable body, it would not be in the interests of the prisoners to do so."

What, then, is the Prison Reform Society? And who is Mr. Hamilton Baines?

The society has no real status, and a few months prior to the Dartmoor mutiny was being run by Baines, who is the founder, from a bedroom near Russell Square, London.

Although he has been collecting money in one way or another for some considerable time, he steadfastly refuses to issue an audited balance-sheet or to give any tangible evidence of the amount of his collections, overhead charges or disbursements.

For some time highly-placed officers from Scotland Yard have been watching his activities with interest; but, unfortunately, as the law relating to charities now stands, they are powerless to take any official steps to stop him appealing to the public.

Baines devotes some of the money he collects to charitable work, and therefore remains immune.

When Sir Herbert Samuel very properly described the society as "not reputable," Mr. Baines' only reply was that it was "just a twist" on the Home Secretary's part and that he "would deal with him at the proper time."

Will he do so now by issuing audited balance-sheets to date and show by what right he is making such widespread appeals?

We know that he has received many individual contributions for sums as high as £25 from generous folk, who, surely, are entitled to know how their money has been expended.

Woman victim

We know that Baines has been obtaining money by dubious methods for years past, and his financial affairs have always been precarious. He is an undischarged bankrupt to this day.

As an example of his original ideas of how a charitable society should be run we may cite the unhappy experience of a woman whom he engaged as treasurer to his present organisation.

She some time ago complained to the police that he had induced her to advance him various sums of money, which had never been repaid, and he got her to cash a cheque that had been dishonoured.

Another victim was a typist whom he employed and who had difficulty in getting her full salary.

But he has much more to account for. Will he explain how he came to be known as Mr. Cecil Hamilton Baines?

When did he drop his other name of Jackson, by which he is well known to the provincial police? And what are his qualifications for his present post?

A thorough rogue

Has he forgotten the extremely unsavoury reputation he has left behind him in Leeds, Kidderminster, Bristol and Liverpool?

The truth is that Baines is a sheer impostor who has served several prison sentences for various crimes, including fraud and false pretences.

There is a worse side of his character, too, for he has imposed upon women in a way which stamps him as a rogue of a most objectionable type.

A pleasant individual, surely, to preside over a Prison Reform Society and to seek the support of distinguished people to foster his schemes!

The £625 Pen-Stroke

AN extra stroke to a T, making it F, cost Mr. O. A. Lepine, of 5, Woodchester Road, Southmead, Bristol, £625 in last week's Crossword competition in JOHN BULL, but at the same time it meant £625 to his rival, who shares the £1,250 prize with him.

"I have been going at crosswords seriously," Mr. Lepine told a JOHN BULL representative, "but I have never before got nearer to the prize than having three or four errors. I felt confident, however, that sooner or later I should get something. My advice to competitors is to stick at it, to persevere.

"What shall I do with the money? In the first place I shall pay off the mortgage on this house and then put aside some for a rainy day.

Mrs. Slater, who shares this fortune with Mr. Lepine, has a confectionery and sweets business at 1, Rock Street, Oldham, near the market ground.

It was through a customer winning a similar competition that Mrs. Slater commenced sending in solutions about nineteen months ago. After a few weeks' efforts, on one occasion Mrs. Slater had one error only in a JOHN BULL competition. Then, however, quite a number had done as well.

Mrs. Slater intends to remain at her shop and she can now look to the future with feelings of more confidence and a bit of security. Her parting announcement was that she was going to have a shot at the next big Crossword prize offered by JOHN BULL.

Have you yet tried your hand at solving the interesting clues in our Crossword Puzzles? A Life Pension of £3 a week, or £1,250 cash, is waiting for somebody on page 32.

They Cash their Tears

TWO persistent crooks—a man and a woman—are at present touring the country and thriving upon their ability to weep convincingly at will.

The woman is Anne Watson, and at Luton, the other day, she called upon a resident well known for her charitable work, and told a pitiful story.

Giving a local address as her own, she explained tearfully that she had just received a telegram to say that her dear mother was dying.

Her husband was away, and she was short of cash, so as it was necessary to get to a distant town as quickly as possible she was in a difficult quandary.

In her distress she had come to request a temporary loan, and her sobs were so natural that an offer of assistance was immediately forthcoming.

Her male rival in this weeping industry is a man called Thomas Vidour.

An account of a recent coup in Manchester will illustrate his methods.

Calling upon a firm of undertakers, and giving a local address, he explained in broken tones that he had had the misfortune to lose his father.

He gave the fullest instructions for the funeral arrangements and then made the seemingly casual discovery that, in his haste and anxiety, he had left his wallet at home.

The assistant sympathised with him, and a request for a loan of £5 was met without suspicion.

Of course, Vidour's story proved to be a sheer fabrication, and it is one that he has told with very little variation all over the country.

ations Vacant
BOOKKEEPER (Male) Wanted.—Should have experience and be able to act as cashier. Commencing salary £3 10s. p.w. Apply Box No. 1148

Inc

But it's only

100,0

for O

by a

Managing Director

ONE hundred thousand men all striving to get one job!

And that job not a £10,000 a year one, but the very ordinary post of a clerk—a cashier-bookkeeper—at a salary of £3 10s. a week!

That is the amazing and incredible experience that has just happened to me.

It has brought home to me—and it will bring home to others as no unemployment figures have ever done—the appalling tragedy that to-day lies behind the vast army of jobless men who are not work-shy but are eager to clutch at any straw to earn their daily bread.

I am the managing director of a London firm, and promoted my cashier-bookkeeper some days ago to the charge of a department.

My secretary and I discussed the appointment of his successor from among other members of our clerical staff, but decided first to see what the labour market had to offer.

I have been overwhelmed by the sequel.

In preparing the small advertisement for one insertion in a single newspaper under a box-office number, I made it plain that a man was required for the vacancy and that he must have had experience in bookkeeping.

First battalions

I mention this so that it shall be clear that all the replies I received came not from unskilled workers or women, but from men who had been previously employed in similar or better posts.

The salary I offered was £3 10s. a week, a commencing salary which would be increased as soon as the successful applicant proved his worth.

I am now wondering what would have happened if I had advertised that the salary would be, say, £5 per week.

On the morning the advertisement appeared, I reached my office about ten o'clock. An hour later my secretary told me that already 2,500 replies to the advertisement had been delivered from the newspaper office.

I was astonished. I went out with him to the passage. There, stacked against the wall, were twenty tightly-tied bundles of letters each a foot high.

This meant that all these 2,500 applicants had delivered their letters by hand at the newspaper office before nine o'clock.

Here and there from the bundles I opened letters to see the addresses from which they had come. Many were from suburbs ten to fifteen miles away, and one was from a Surrey town twenty-four miles from London.

All these applicants must have been out of bed and ready to grapple with their individual unemployment problems as soon as the newsagents' shops in their districts took down their shutters.

I pictured them pouncing upon my advertisement, and drafting their letters—long before I had breakfast; then hurrying into the heart of London to hand the packet into the box-number.

Two and a half battalions of educated men. All hoping to be first!

Shortly after I returned to my desk my secretary told me the newspaper office was on the telephone asking for instructions as to whether a large number of additional replies which had since reached it should be delivered that day or kept and forwarded next day with any others which might arrive.

The time was only ten minutes past eleven. I took the call myself, and this was the substance of the conversation I had with the advertising clerk:

"I have already had between two and three thousand replies. How many more have you there?"

"Oh, thousands, sir. Perhaps eight or nine thousand."

I could not repress a gasp of astonishment.

"Is this usual in the case of an advertisement for a clerk?"

"Yes, sir. For months it has been the same. A van-load each. I have 'phoned you because we like our clients to take quick delivery so that we can have the empty mail-bags back."

My board was to meet in an hour. I said I would prefer to have the additional replies delivered on the following day.

On reaching the office lift next morning I was surprised to see the attendant and two men loading into it in tiers a number of bulging sacks each about 3 ft. 6 in. high.

"For you, sir," grinned the liftman.

"And lots more in that van outside, guv'nor," said one of the men, cocking a thumb over his shoulder.

I went out to the pavement kerb and saw the van. As I looked into the vehicle, loaded roof-high with bursting bags, after the first moments of amazement, my thoughts tried to comprehend what it all meant—an avalanche of misery, pleading, hope—all to end in disappointment to everyone of these job-seekers with but one exception.

When all the sacks had been carried into the offices, my staff assembled and stared at them in bewilderment.

We tested the quantity of letters—measured, weighed and counted them in selected lots.

There were not less than ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

All from experienced, but workless, men clerks eager to jump into a job at £3 10s. a week!

Yesterday the attack had been from only half a brigade; to-day it represented an army—nine complete military divisions in mass.

Fortune in stamps

I had been at the Football Cup Final at Wembley two weeks before. If the writers of these letters and no one else had attended the match they would have filled the Stadium, and then there would not have been room for 10,000 of them.

From a shelf I took down a reference book to find the applications represented a somewhat greater ratio than one in twenty-five of the adult male population of Greater London.

It was exactly as if my modest advertisement had been answered by the entire population—men, women and children—of such towns as Blackpool, Bournemouth, Huddersfield, Preston, St. Helens, South Shields, or Walsall.

My storeman advanced and solemnly announced that he had been weighing the letters. Three-quarters of a ton.

A costing clerk surveyed the sacks, and mentioned that the postage on their contents had not been less than £625.

Staggering figures

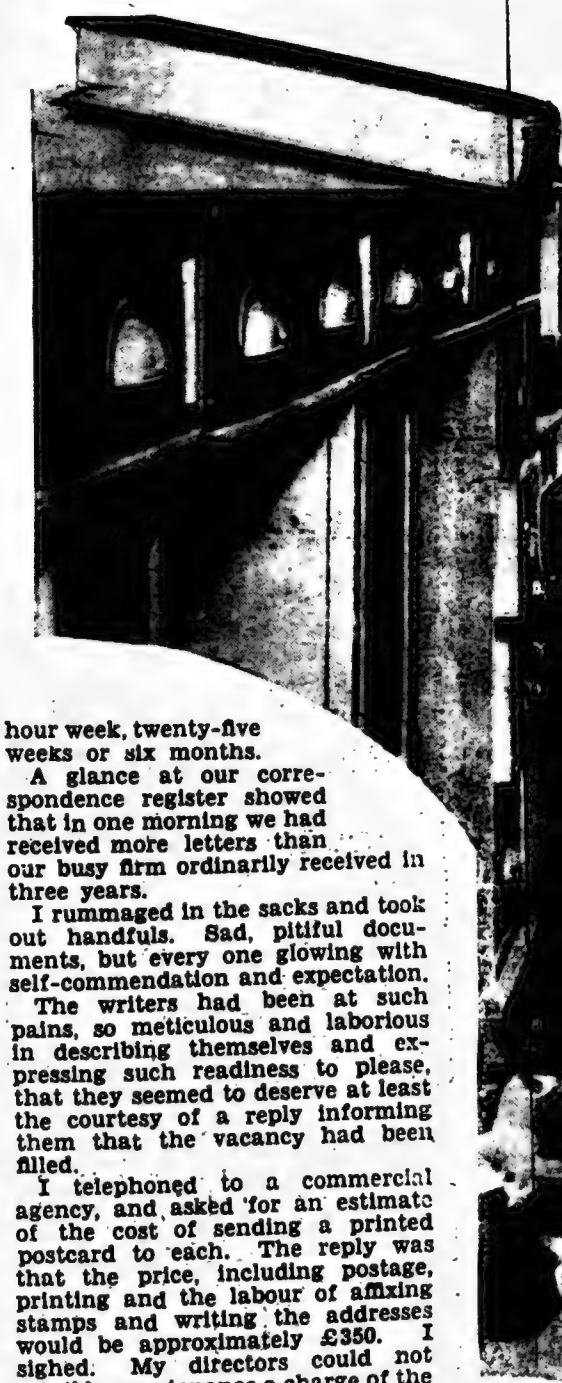
I told my secretary to organise a test of how long it would take one individual to open and read the letters.

Our expert postal-clerk showed that with a special instrument he could slit the envelopes at the rate of forty a minute. Working as he had never worked before, that job would occupy forty-two hours.

Extracting the letters from the cut envelopes and laying them out could be done at the rate of only ten a minute. Another 170 hours.

They could not be read properly at a faster speed than two a minute, requiring 840 hours.

In all, at least, 1,100 hours would be necessary to open and read every letter, or, on the basis of a forty-four hour week, twenty-five weeks or six months.



A glance at our correspondence register showed that in one morning we had received more letters than our busy firm ordinarily received in three years.

I rummaged in the sacks and took out handfuls. Sad, pitiful documents, but every one glowing with self-commendation and expectation.

The writers had been at such pains, so meticulous and laborious in describing themselves and expressing such readiness to please, that they seemed to deserve at least the courtesy of a reply informing them that the vacancy had been filled.

I telephoned to a commercial agency, and asked for an estimate of the cost of sending a printed postcard to each. The reply was that the price, including postage, printing and the labour of affixing stamps and writing the addresses would be approximately £350. I sighed. My directors could not possibly countenance a charge of the kind against the business.

From the sacks we picked out at

Incredible!

...s only too true to-day—

...000 MEN ONE JOB!

FOUR *lines in a newspaper—and the blackcoat army descended. The figures on this page represent less than a three-hundredth part of the men who wanted to fill this one vacant office chair*

random about 2,000 letters and decided to make our choice from them.

Men were engaged to transport the remainder to an incinerator and have them burned. Nothing else could be done.

The third letter opened began: "Dear Sir,—Four years ago I was convicted of petty larceny. If this prohibits my engagement, please do not read farther."

Poor wretch! What chance had he among a hundred thousand?

Forty per cent. of the letters examined told the same story. The writers had become unemployed in consequence of the introduction of calculating machinery for invoicing, posting ledgers, and general record-keeping. One key man now took the place of ten manual clerks and the mechanical work was performed by cheap female labour.

A considerable proportion of the applications read were from men who had been clerks with tourist and travel agencies, or the British offices of Continental railway restaurant and sleeping-car companies. The fall in the pound and the diminution in foreign travel had dispossessed them of work.

"Too old at forty," was once a cry. Many scores of letters were from men of between sixty and seventy who forwarded proof of their vigour and fitness, such as that they were members of and played regularly at squash racket and Badminton clubs. One veteran enclosed his golf-scoring card of the previous week-end.

Many applications, too, were from men who had lost their jobs in the mercantile services of the Colonies owing to economies. It was astounding to observe also how, in numerous instances, they had lost all their capital by gullibly handing it over to fraudulent "employment-with-investment" concerns since they returned to this country.

On the following day, another 6,000 letters arrived. I was specially interested to learn what class the "laggards" represented.

The majority of these were unemployed stockbrokers' and jobbers' clerks. Their letters were very patronising as if they were conferring favours in offering their services. Some wrote on postcards in the third person, like this: "Mr. ——— would be glad to receive a reply at the address below and to consider further particulars."

In the end I replied to twenty of the applicants whose records were outstanding. Most of them had occupied executive posts with salaries and commission of from £1,000 to £2,000 yearly in important firms at home and abroad.

Then I realised they were too good for me. Any one of them I would have immediately chosen if I required a secretary to my company or an assistant managing director. But I saw that they would use the small job I had to offer merely as a stop-gap, and would always be searching and ready to leave for something better.

Final tragedy

Some of the men informed me in the interviews we had that they had each replied to more than a thousand advertisements for clerical workers, and had never got a reply until now.

In my room these men were buoyant and confident, but behind their mask it was easy to discern the sharp edge of care and suffering. From them I learned that when a clerk in London whose clothes are threadbare does get an interview with a prospective employer, he can hire a suit for the day from an agency for half-a-crown.

Now the final tragedy of my search for the right man from among these 100,000 applicants is that I fear I have picked the wrong one, and I am already planning to have him transferred to another department!

More suitable men applied—must have applied—for the job than the one I chose. Yet I have not the heart to send him back to the ranks of the army of the quarter of a million qualified clerks—one to every three—who, I have since learned, are workless to-day.

"Spring Tonic— *ugh—nasty!"*

. . . . that's why she has her iron now in

SUN-MAID RAISINS

"No more wry faces or fuss —
Now Joan has her IRON
In SUN-MAID RAISINS!

* * *

"They're so PLUMP and JUICY
And SWEET — that it's hard to
Get the packet away from her!

* * *

"Every day she has a handful
Or two of SUN-MAIDS
And plenty of SUN-MAIDS
In a CAKE or PUDDING, too.

* * *

"She's forgotten the taste
Of tonic — now she has
All the IRON she needs
In these delicious
SUN-MAID RAISINS.

* * *

"A saving, too — no tonics
Required with SUN-MAID meals"

HAD YOUR IRON TODAY?

If you feel dull and fagged, your system is being starved of iron. It's so easy to end that by eating plenty of sun-ripened SUN-MAID RAISINS — they're simply full of the iron you need. Grocers and stores everywhere sell them.

● *Send for the SUN-MAID Recipe Booklet containing nearly 100 recipes. Write Department JB10, Producers' International Sales Association Ltd., 59 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.*

(GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.)

The SLEUTHS

"ALL ABOARD!" for Their Busy Season

OUR international crooks are gathering for the busy tourist season. London is their Mecca. Confidence-tricksters, card-sharpers, share pushers, jewel thieves and fortune hunters are converging upon our capital from all parts of the world, and most of them will expect to make handsome hauls *en route*.

But the forces of law and order are not sleeping. Preparations are going silently forward and untiring efforts will be made to combat these undesirable invaders.

Long before many of them are near our shores they will be marked down by their secret adversaries—the ships' detectives, whose vigilance saves countless ocean travellers from falling into the nets that are so cleverly spread for them by the sharks.

Ships' detectives are familiar figures in popular fiction, but in real life they might almost be non-existent for all that is heard of them.

Yet now is the time when all the principal shipping companies are augmenting their detective staffs in readiness for the busy season.

More than three hundred of these secret sleuths will be employed on the "Atlantic Ferry" alone, and there will be little leisure for them until the tourist traffic begins to wane.

Watchful eyes

Their duties will be numerous. Many will be detailed exclusively to keep a watchful eye upon celebrities—statesmen, millionaires, commercial magnates and other prominent people who are always liable to be molested by fanatics when travelling about the world.

But the majority will be required to cope with professional crooks who operate exclusively upon the high seas. When it is known that one Atlantic line carries 140,000 passengers a year it will be realised that the task of picking out the crooks is not too easy.

The chief difficulty with which the shipping companies have to contend is that they are obliged to issue tickets to anyone on demand, providing personal papers are in order.

Thus, though a known crook may be "spotted" at the outset, he cannot be prevented from sailing. The only course open to a company in such circumstances is to instruct a detective to keep the undesirable passenger under strict observation throughout the voyage.

It may also circulate a printed warning that a dangerous card-sharper or confidence-trickster is known to be aboard; but experience has shown that there are always heedless people whom no amount of counsel can save.

While vigilance does much to curb the activities of ocean-going plunderers it is not an uncommon thing for as many as five hundred victims to be plucked in a single season.

The worst Atlantic crooks belong to a gang originated just after the war by an international rogue whose uncanny skill earned him the title of "The Indiana Wonder."

He was a master of every trick, an expert card manipulator and a polished confidence man. Though he has latterly retired to the background, many of his followers are very much to the fore.

They include tricksters who are well known to Scotland Yard and to all the leading shipping companies by such picturesque titles as "The Doc," "China Harry," "Long Charlie," "Slick Eddy," "The Baby," "Millionaire Cavendish," or "Wag Dunbar."

The reluctance of many victims to face the publicity involved by a prosecution makes the game worth while. The "pickings" are considered so handsome on some routes that rogues will embark in force, each confident of being able to do very well for himself before the voyage ends

But the companies are prepared for all emergencies and will often rush half a dozen picked detectives from their "inner office" when it is known that a special vessel is being favoured as a hunting ground by the sharks.

Wireless is the ocean crook's worst enemy. A brief message, sent through space, may lay waste months of scheming and cheat him of his haul.

Quite recently a detective on a liner crossing from America identified a notorious sea-going rogue known as "Royal Roy," otherwise Roy Ashcroft or Roy Gilbert.

The wireless buzzed, and when "Royal Roy" stepped ashore at Plymouth, he ran into the arms of Scotland Yard men and was arrested on a £1,700 card-sharping charge.

By some unhappy mischance, however, he was granted bail and immediately took advantage of this indulgence by disappearing. It is to be hoped that this mistake will not be made by the authorities when "Royal Roy" is caught again.

Ships' detectives keep in close touch with the police of all nations, and each company is equipped with a miniature "Records Office," containing descriptions of the appearance, habits and methods of crooks of international repute. In many cases photographs are available, too, and it is this complete service that makes the sea sleuths so efficient.

Wireless warnings

It was this system alone which made possible the identification of a passenger recently bound for a distant colony. The ship's detective recognised him as a man wanted in London for defrauding a woman under promise of marriage; the wireless was brought into play, and this rogue will find police waiting for him when he reaches his destination.

Sometimes it is the detective on board a liner at sea who receives wireless notification that certain passengers are "wanted."

This was the case not long ago when a notorious share-pusher, accompanied by a woman, sailed for America in an attempt to smuggle £50,000 worth of jewels.

As a result of this smart move the pair were identified, kept under careful

He keeps a watchful eye on the ship's passengers — to protect them from the wiles of professional crooks . . .

The "Greatest of These—"

In Shylock's Grip

ALFRED'S mother is a pitiful, nerve-shattered little woman, with shaking hands. "I have a bad attack of nerve trouble," she said with truth, "and I cannot keep myself still."

Help his mother

She doesn't look fit to fight life's battle for herself, let alone having to put her shoulder to the wheel for Alfred, who is eight years old, and his two sisters, aged twelve and ten. She has lost three children.

After lying six months in hospital, her husband died on March 1 from pneumonia and pleurisy.

But the trouble with her nerves started long before that. About two years ago she began borrowing from a moneylender, because there were times when her husband was on half-time pay.

At first, she would borrow 5s. to 10s. at the end of the week when she ran short, and, with the interest mounting up and up, she eventually owed about £5. "I get terrified," she said, "thinking I haven't the money to pay, as I am always being asked for it."

She hadn't the courage to tell her husband, whose temper was at times uncertain, due, she says, to the sufferings he underwent as a prisoner of war in Germany.

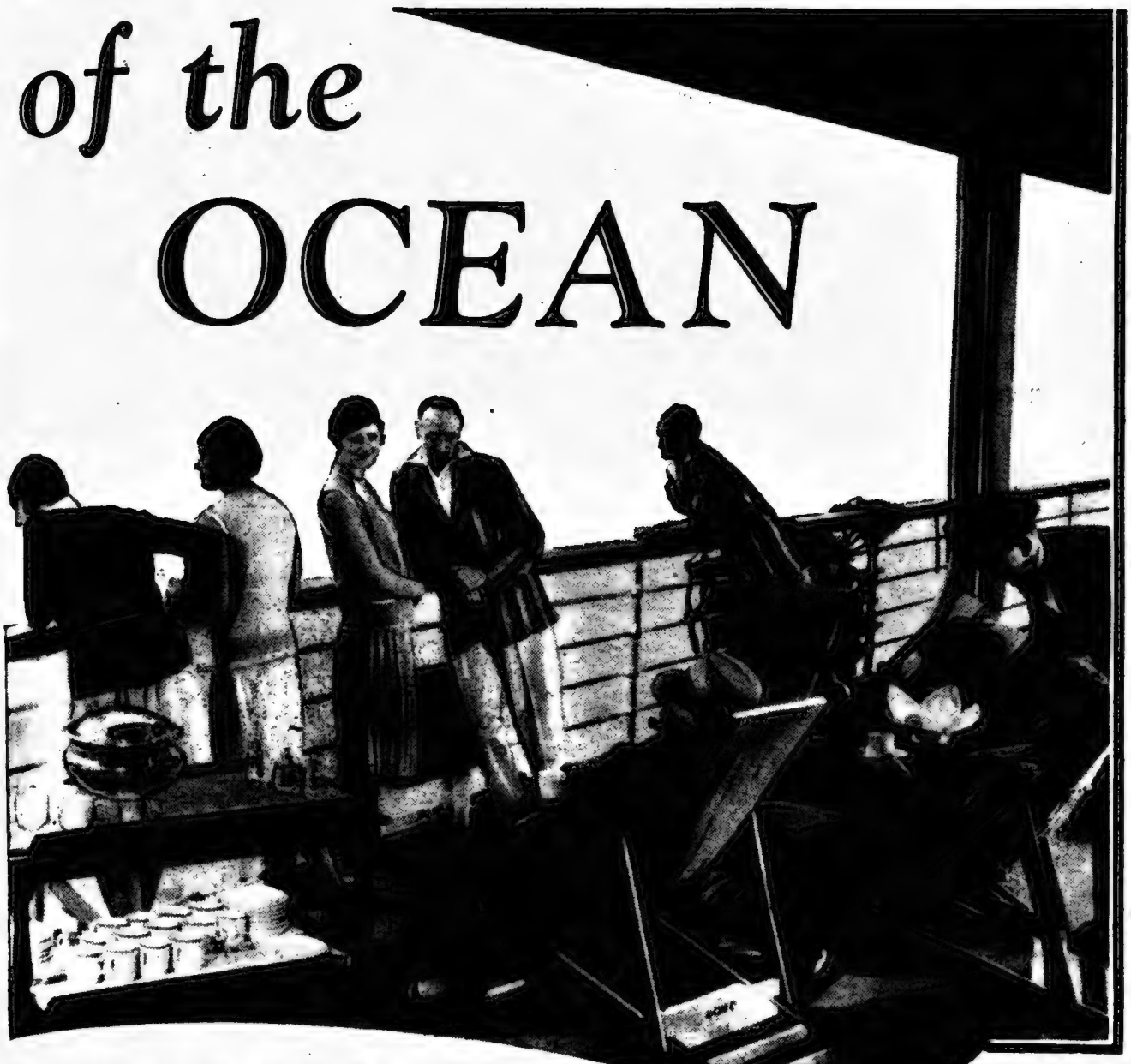
Then, when he died, the insurance wasn't sufficient to cover his funeral expenses.

When her widow's pension of 21s. a week came through, the Public Assistance Committee had to be refunded the money advanced for her and the children's keep, and she doesn't know how she is ever going to pay back the moneylender.

Can our readers solve the trouble, we wonder, by sending donations earmarked for Alfred? All subscriptions addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at this office, and a copy of the current week's list sent on application.

We acknowledge, with thanks, ten rupees from India.

of the OCEAN



. . . and to make sure that their cruise will be nothing but a happy experience

observation, and detained immediately the liner docked.

The authorities were not so successful recently when endeavouring to catch a notorious Canadian crook, named Lucas, who is much wanted for cheque forgeries and confidence coups.

He somehow scented that he was being closely watched, so he did not wait for the end. As the vessel neared New York he jumped overboard and so avoided the detectives who were waiting when the gangplank was lowered.

Woman decoy

Smart detective work was performed recently when certain unclaimed papers were picked up on a liner. The ship's sleuth got to work, secretly found the owner and identified him as a man wanted in London for a £18,000 company fraud.

A wireless message was immediately flashed to Scotland Yard and the crook was detained until a police inspector arrived to take him back again.

Perhaps the most exasperating thing that can happen to a ship's detective is to find that passengers have been robbed in spite of repeated hints and warnings.

A Civil Servant, for instance, when bound for South Africa, was introduced through a woman decoy to an alleged Hatton Garden diamond merchant. He was officially warned that his newly-made friends were "dangerous," but he laughingly ignored the hint and said that he was quite capable of looking after himself.

The woman was a most charming companion, and the supposed diamond merchant appeared to be of a very retiring disposition. Neither invited the passenger to gamble, so he was sure that they must be "all right."

But before the end of the voyage he had made the woman a present of a diamond which the bogus merchant had "let him have" at the "wholesale" price of £600!

And a season or so ago a peer was robbed on a liner after being specially warned that crooks were in the offing!

For the most part, the shipping companies arrange for their sleuths to work in secret. That is to say, they are constantly changed from vessel to vessel so that they shall not become known, and their identity is often unknown to the ship's company.

On one voyage they may travel as first-class passengers; the next they may go steerage; sometimes they may even work as stewards or in some other capacity that will enable them to keep in closer touch with suspected individuals.

A romantic story began to circulate in the saloon of a liner bound for Australia not long ago.

It was rumoured that a man of title —"Sir James Richardson"—was travelling steerage, having fallen upon evil days.

It soon became known that he was trying to "make good." Curiosity and admiration were aroused, and someone decided that they ought to come to the rescue of this plucky baronet.

"Sir James" was invited to transfer himself to the first-class saloon, and was received with much sympathy when he confided his intention of recouping his family fortunes in Australia. He was ready, he declared, to take any job he could get, and money, clothing and letters of introduction were showered upon him. He was even entertained as the captain's guest!

But there was one person on board who swallowed this romantic story with a grain of salt—the ship's detective. Something in the man's manner aroused his suspicion, so he made discreet enquiries.

The result was that "Sir James" abandoned his boasted plans and disembarked suddenly at Cape Town, being first prevailed upon to refund the various sums which he had raised as "loans"!

One picturesque figure known to ships' detectives is a fortune-hunter of unusual persistency. He was "spotted" on three successive voyages, paying close attention to wealthy women.

He must have been a most accomplished wooer, for on each voyage he offered marriage to well-to-do women and sought to clinch matters by getting the ceremony performed at sea. The romantic suggestion doubtless appealed to his prospective dupes; but it did not meet with the approval of the detective on board, who was able to baulk the bogus lover on each occasion.

It is not only on passenger boats that detectives are found necessary.

The fact that our imports and exports amount to many millions in the course of a single year attracts crooks of a different calibre from those already dealt with. So the companies employ men to move among the stevedores and dockers at all the principal ports, and very valuable work they do.

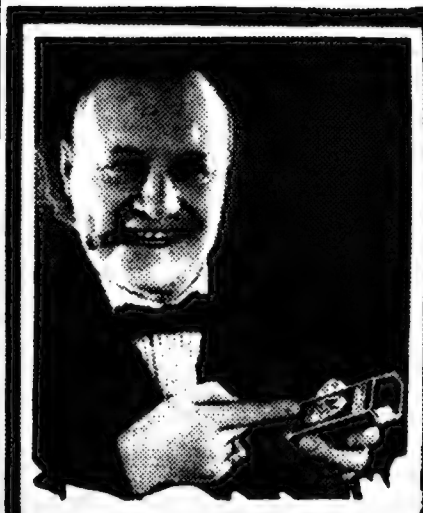
Caught!

In one case detectives had to investigate a series of baffling mysteries on the Southampton-Cape Town route. Huge quantities of supplies were unaccountably vanishing in a manner which clearly showed that some remarkably clever organisation must be at work.

In the end it was discovered that members of a gang were distributed among the crew and were pilfering stores on an alarming scale.

When caught, they were actually lowering supplies through a galley chute to confederates at Madeira. But by that time their operations had cost the company many thousand pounds.

Thus, in one branch or another, the sleuths of the sea carry on, doing a great work, tackling a variety of problems, matching themselves with every grade of criminal from the common sneak-thief to the polished society plunderer, yet unconcerned by the fact that the public rarely hears of their achievements.



You *expect* a wonderful smoke immediately you open a packet of Manikins and catch their delicate aroma and your expectations will be fully realised with the first cool, fragrant puffs.

Try them to-night, and find what a real delight smoking can be.

10d. buys 5—five half hours of restful pleasure.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

KEEP YOUR SYSTEM RIGHT.

A safe, pleasant way to ensure perfect physical and mental fitness is to drink "REGESAN" SALINE first thing every morning. This natural health salt of the utmost purity will keep your system free from poisonous toxins and other impurities. Tiredness, Headaches, Indigestion and Constipation will immediately disappear. "REGESAN" SALINE can only be obtained at any branch of BOOTS', the famous Chemists. Fresh supplies are always on sale. Get a bottle to-day. See p. 23.

Always time for a nourishing breakfast

WIVES who know their husbands' habit of leaving things till the last minute, serve *Quick* Quaker Oats . . . ready in 3 or 4 minutes, less time than it takes to make the morning tea—and thus ensure that he has a nourishing breakfast before he goes to work.

Appetising and delicious, Quaker Oats, because it is milled from the world's finest oats, provides lasting energy and builds up stamina. Everyone—adults and children—need body-building nourishment in this delightful form.

Housewives know — there's nothing so good so cheap—nothing so cheap so good as Quaker Oats.

Quick Quaker is ready in 3 or 4 minutes, less time than it takes to make the morning cup of tea.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

TWO SIZES 4½d. & 9½d.

per packet—at all Grocers

THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST

MADE IN CANADA

Too Much TOLERANCE

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS of TO-DAY—7.

by EVELYN WAUGH

"We spent our time together from the first gin at noon to the last whisky at midnight"

AROUND, amiable face, reddened rather than browned by the tropical sun; round, rather puzzled grey eyes; close-cut sandy hair; a large, smiling mouth; a small sandy moustache; clean white duck suit and sun helmet—a typical English commercial agent stopping between ships at a stifling little port on the Red Sea.

We were the only Europeans in the hotel. The boat for which we were both waiting was two days late. We spent all our time together.

We went round the native bazaar and played interminable games of poker dice at the café tables. In these circumstances a casual acquaintance easily assumes a confidential tone.

At first naturally enough we talked of general subjects—local conditions and race problems.

"Can't understand what all the trouble's about. They're all jolly chaps when you get to know them." British officials, traders, Arabs, natives, Indian settlers—they were all to my new friend jolly good chaps.

Such an odd thing they couldn't get on better. Of course, different races had different ideas—some didn't wash, some had queer ideas about honesty, some got out of hand at times when they'd had too much to drink.

"Still," he said, "that's nobody's business but their own. If only they'd all let each other alone to go their own ways there wouldn't be any problems. As for religions, well, there was a lot of good in them all—Hindu, Mahommedan, Pagan; the missionaries did a lot of good, too—Wesleyan, Catholic, Church of England, all jolly good fellows."

People in remote parts of the world tend to have unshakable views on every topic. After a few months spent among them it was a relief to come across so tolerant and broad a mind.

On the first evening I left my companion with a feeling of warm respect. Here at last, in a continent peopled almost exclusively by fanatics of one kind or another, I thought I had found a nice man.

* * *

NEXT day we got on to more intimate subjects and I began to learn something of his life. He was now nearer fifty than forty years of age, though I should have thought him younger.

He had been an only son, brought up in an English provincial town in a household where rigid principles of Victorian decorum dominated its members.

He had been born late in his parents' life, and all his memories dated from after his father's retirement from a responsible Government post in India.

It was alien to his nature to admit the existence of discomfort or disagreement, but it was clear from his every reference to it that his home had not been a congenial one.

Exact rules of morals and etiquette, ruthless criticism of neighbours, an insurmountable class-barrier raised against all who were considered socially inferior, hostile disapproval of superiors—these were clearly the code of my friend's parents, and he had grown up with a deep-rooted resolution to model his own life on opposite principles.

I had been surprised on the evening of our first meeting to discover the nature of his work. He was engaged in selling sewing-machines on commission to Indian store-keepers up and down the East African coast.

It was clearly not the job for which his age and education should have fitted him. Later I learned the explanation.

He had gone into business on leaving his public school, had done quite well, and eventually, just before the war, had set up on his own with the capital left him at his father's death.

"I had bad luck there," he said. "I never feel quite to blame over what happened. You see, I'd taken a chap into partnership with me. He'd been a clerk with me in the office, and I'd always liked him, though he didn't get on very well with the other fellows.

"He got sacked just about the time I came in for some money. I never quite made out what the trouble was about, and anyway it was none of my business. The arrangement seemed rather lucky at first, because my partner wasn't fit for military service, so all the time I was in the army he was able to look after things at home.

"The business seemed to be going very well, too. We moved to new offices and took on a larger staff, and all through the war we were drawing very decent dividends. But apparently it was only temporary prosperity.

"When I got back after the Armistice I didn't pay a great deal of attention to my affairs, I'm afraid. I was glad to be home and wanted to make the most of peace. I left my partner to manage everything, and I suppose I more or less let things slide for two years.

"Anyway, I didn't know how bad things were until he suddenly told me that we should have to go into liquidation.

"Since then I've been lucky in getting jobs, but it isn't quite the same as being one's own master."

He gazed out across the quay, turning his glass idly in his hand. Then, as an after-thought, he made an illuminating addition to his story.

"One thing I'm very glad of," he said, "my partner didn't come down with me. Almost immediately after we closed down he opened on his own in the same way of business on quite a large scale. He's a rich man now."

LATER in the day he surprised me by casually mentioning his son.

"Son?"

"Yes, I've a boy of twenty-seven at home. Awfully nice fellow. I wish I could get back more often to see him. But he's got his own friends now and I dare say he's happy by himself. He's interested in the theatre.

"It's not a thing I know much about myself. All his friends are theatrical, you know, jolly interesting.

"I'm glad the boy has struck out for himself. I always made a point of never trying to force his interest in anything that didn't attract him.

"The only pity is that there's very little money in it. He's always hoping to get a job either on the stage or the kinema, but it's difficult if you don't know the right people, he says, and that's expensive.

"I send him as much as I can, but he has to be well dressed, you know, and go about a good deal and entertain, and all that takes money. Still, I expect it'll lead to something in the end. He's a jolly good fellow."

But it was not until some days later, on board ship, when we were already berthed at the port where he was due to disembark next day, that he mentioned his wife.

We had had many drinks to wish each

(Continued at foot of page 24)

Next Week:

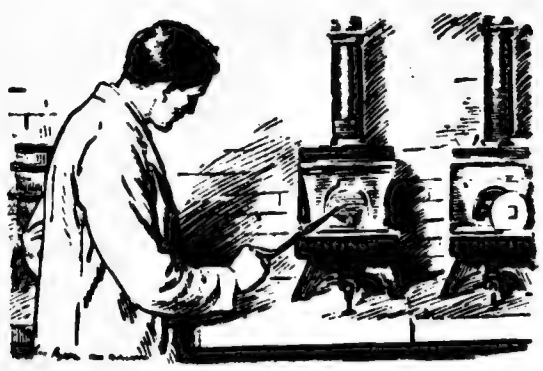
"From the Dead to the Living," by E. TEMPLE THURSTON,

who opens a new series of brilliant short stories by Famous Authors

Boots insist that every drug must pass tests like these before they will sell it to you...

Testing formaldehyde lozenges. They must not only be pure, but they must also contain just the right amount of each ingredient and at the same time be able to dissolve easily.

You're safe at Boots. Behind Boots medicinal preparations stand the great analytical laboratories at Nottingham—protecting you with every care known to science



One of the many tests to which drugs are submitted is to burn a sample in a special vessel of platinum or silica. Any inorganic matter it may contain will show in the ash.

FROM simple bicarbonate of soda that you buy by the pennyworth—to the life-saving drugs that are the most powerful disease-fighting weapons in the doctor's armoury . . . every drug prepared by Boots has been tested by experts over and over again.

Tested for purity, tested for strength—given not one but sometimes a score of different tests before it is released for sale!

Aspirin, for example, is a compound of two acids. Each acid separately must be absolutely pure. But that is not enough! Boots know that the finished aspirin will be perfectly safe only if the two acids *have completely combined* . . .

Analysts in Boots vast laboratories at Nottingham test for this with utmost care. Sometimes the combined acids break down slightly—actually while the sample is being tested. So the aspirin *appears* to be less pure than it really is. But the analysts reject it just the same! Boots will not gamble. Their aspirin must be above suspicion.

Many thousands of pounds

Boots guard so jealously their reputation for supplying only the finest and most reliable drugs *that they will reject drugs to the value of thousands of pounds* rather than take the slightest risk.

Four million prescriptions a year

That is why doctors advise their patients to go to Boots for dispensing and medicinal requirements. They know that every drug made and used by Boots has been subjected to rigorous testing.

That is why more than four million two hundred thousand prescriptions are dispensed each year—and a hundred and twenty-seven million customers served!

Every drug for dispensing, every product bearing the Boots name, goes through the most exacting analysis known to science.

You pay less, too!

There is a Boots shop—where you will be served promptly, courteously, efficiently — quite near your home.

Dealing at Boots you know that whatever Boots own medicines you purchase are of the best, *and always fresh.* And your prescriptions are made up with unfailing accuracy. Moreover, your purchases actually cost you less than if you made them elsewhere!

The world looks bright when your system is right

— tiredness, biliousness, acidity and stuffy headaches disappear. Its natural grape salts keep the blood pure, and the skin clear. Try this drink first thing every morning—

REGESAN SALINE

1/- · 1/9

A natural health salt of the utmost purity, prepared and tested by qualified analysts in the pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham. Fresh supplies on sale at all Boots shops

Boots

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

OVER 940 SHOPS . . . OVER 1,500 QUALIFIED DISPENSERS . . . OVER 17,000 BRITISH EMPLOYEES

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

CHAMPION . . !

says Gracie Fields

Miss Gracie Fields, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

In all shades. From Chemists, Coiffeurs & Stores.

POWDER CREAM MIRROR

ALL IN ONE 1/-

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

COLMAN'S

Military Pickle is a firmly established favourite. Made from wholesome vegetables blended to a mellow flavour not too sweet, nor yet too sharp. It strikes a happy medium between the large hard pickle and the soft mashy variety.

PICKLE

10½d. and 1/6 per bottle.

Hayward's
MILITARY
PICKLE
& SAUCE

—And now comes Military Sauce which finds immediate favour by its luscious flavour. As in the pickle, only the finest Oriental spices and malt vinegar are used. Purity in every drop.

SAUCE

6d. and 9d. per bottle.

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

COLMAN'S

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

PHILIP INMAN

Points Out

WHERE *Parents* GO WRONG

The friendships of childhood . . . their value is incalculable

MOST parents are anxious that their children should be spared the hardships of life. It is a perfectly natural desire.

But is it wise from the standpoint of those concerned? Is it good for children during their early years to live a sheltered existence?

These questions came into my mind after reading a letter from a mother who is very anxious about her only child, a little girl of six.

Her home is one of a pair of cottages half a mile away from the village. A few months ago there moved into the house next door a husband and wife with their two children, a boy of ten and a girl of eight. And my correspondent goes on to tell me that these children are very rough both in their behaviour and in their speech. And then she proceeds:

* * *

"I have always tried to bring up my girl to be a little lady. She has a gentle disposition and is inclined to be rather shy. But these last few months she seems to be altering, and I was very horrified one night recently when, in a bout of temper, she came out with a swear-word.

"I put it down to her companionship with the next-door children, and I tried to stop her from playing with them. Yet I can't keep her indoors all the time, and, besides, they all go to the same school in the village. I do not want my girl to form bad habits. What do you advise me to do in my difficulty?"

Naturally she is anxious for the future well-being of her child. But supposing she prevents her from mixing with the children next door. It will not solve her problem.

It is almost certain that the children will be thrown up against each other at school, and, besides, though her neighbour's children are "rough both in their behaviour and in their speech," they are not the only ones like that.

That girl will come across many others as she goes through life. And that mother has this satisfaction—the influence of a good home ought to help to counterbalance any outside influence.

As her daughter grows older it will be possible to point out to her the habits that are bad and should be left alone, whilst the good traits in her character can be developed and encouraged.

But now let me deal with the larger question that arises.

My correspondent tells me that her little girl is "gentle and rather shy." Is not her "bringing up" partially responsible for that? And is it going to stand her in good stead later on in life?

What is wrong with many children to-day is that they are unduly pampered and sheltered by their parents.

"I had a rough time when I was a lad and I want my boy to be spared what I went through," said a father to me the other day.

* * *

I wonder if he is right. The greenhouse plant is very nice to look upon, but it makes a sorry picture if it is taken from its warmth and shelter and made to face the blasts of all weathers.

In these days when it is a severe struggle for existence those are likely to succeed who have to take the rough with the smooth. "Mother's darling" will scarcely stand an earthly.

So I would say to every parent, Don't coddle your child. Don't send him out on life's road as a fragile package bearing the labels "With care," "Not to be crushed." Teach him to stand up against anything that comes to him

That is one side of this "bringing up" problem.

Here is another. There are parents who go to the opposite extreme. They treat their children with the stern discipline of a Borstal institution or a prison.

That attitude is as bad as, if not worse than, the one I have been discussing. I think it is the cause of the trouble of my second correspondent.

* * *

"We feel that our son has disgraced us," writes a father, "and though he is our only child we are wondering whether we should not send him into the world to fend for himself. He is seventeen years old, and, after a hard struggle, we articled him to a firm of chartered accountants.

"A fortnight ago he was dismissed for tampering with the petty cash. We insisted that he should tell us why he had been so foolish, and he then confessed that on his way to the office (he had a train journey of seven miles) he used to play cards for money.

"We cannot understand it, as we have always taken pains to keep him from bad companions, and we have never had a card in the house. We have always been strict church-goers and have tried to bring up our boy in the right way.

"It is terrible to think that all our hopes and plans have been defeated."

There are some parents who ought never to have children. I rather think my correspondent is one of them. He and his wife have brought on a good deal of the trouble themselves.

Their lad has suffered from what psychologists call repression. At home he has been continually kept under.

"We have never had a card in the house," says his parents. More's the pity. If he had been taught to play a harmless game at home he might never have been inclined to go astray outside.

"We are strict church-goers," they add. I wonder what they mean by that. Have they attempted to force their child into an unnatural religion? Have they tried to put an old head on young shoulders?

I think any lad with spirit would rebel against an unreasonable discipline of that kind. Over and over again have I known children who have had a rigorous upbringing go the pace when they have escaped from parental control.

I am not exempting that lad from all blame.

But now that he has committed this act his parents must do their utmost to set him on his feet again. It would be cruel and heartless to turn a lad of seventeen adrift because of his one lapse. If a son cannot find a friend in his father and mother when he is in trouble, then whoever can he turn to?

PHILIP INMAN is "John Bull's" "Humanist." He wants to help you out of your trouble. Why not let him try? Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid to the sender of each letter quoted.

TOO MUCH TOLERANCE *(Continued from page 22)*

other good luck on our respective journeys. The prospect of immediate separation made mutual confidence easier than it would be between constant companions.

"My wife left me," he said simply. "It was a great surprise. I can't to this day think why. I always encouraged her to do just what she wanted.

"You see, I'd seen a lot of the Victorian idea of marriage, where a wife was supposed to have no interests outside her housekeeping, and the father of the family dined at home every evening. I don't approve of that.

"I always liked my wife to have her own friends and have them in the house when she wanted and to go out when she wanted, and I did the same. I thought we were ideally happy.

"She liked dancing and I didn't, so when a chap turned up who she seemed to like going about with, I was delighted. I'd met him once or twice and heard that he ran after women a good bit, but that wasn't my business.

"My father used to keep a strict division among his friends, between those he saw at home and those he met in the club. He wouldn't bring anyone to his house whose moral character he didn't wholly approve of. I think that's all old-fashioned rot.

"Anyway, to cut a long story short, after she'd been going out with this fellow for some time she suddenly fell in love and went off with him. I'd always liked him, too. Jolly good sort of fellow. I suppose she had a perfect right to do what she preferred. All the same, I was surprised. And I've been lonely since."

At this moment two fellow-passengers whose acquaintance I had been scrupulously avoiding came past our table. He called them to our table, so I wished him "Good-night" and went below.

I did not see him to speak to next day, but I caught a brief glimpse of him on the pier, supervising the loading of his crate of sample sewing-machines.

As I watched, he finished his business and strode off towards the town—a jaunty, tragic little figure, cheated out of his patrimony by his partner, battened on by an obviously worthless son, deserted by his wife, an irrepressible, bewildered figure striding off under his bobbing topee, cheerfully butting his way into a whole continent of rapacious and ruthless jolly good fellows.

Guess . . .

which uses most Energy?

Scientists say

the 13-YEAR-OLD

DIFFICULT to believe — yet it is a scientific fact that a thirteen-year-old child often uses up more energy in growth and physical activity than a workman.

It explains why doctors urge the necessity of a balanced diet for fast-growing children — one which provides plenty of *energy-giving food.*

Horlick's is made from full-cream milk combined with all the nourishing elements of malted barley and wheat. Doctors everywhere prescribe it for children who are under weight, because of its splendid energy-giving and body-building qualities.

Begin today to give Horlick's to your little ones. Prepare it with water, the full-cream milk is in Horlick's, but easier to digest and *safe* in all weathers. Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, also the Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S

Plain or Chocolate Flavoured

KEEPS GROWING YOUNGSTERS FIT • *BRITISH THROUGHOUT*

THE MILLIONS WHO SMOKE THEM MUST BE RIGHT

They say

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

The Quality and Quantity Cigarette

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Can you save 5/- a month?

THIS small sum—or more—invested every month, or sums of £25 up to £4,950, will enable you to

BECOME A SHAREHOLDER
of this prosperous Society.

4½% FREE OF INCOME TAX
is paid on any amount from £1 upwards, and you can add 5/- or more per month.

Think what this means:—
£50 accumulating interest for 10 years will become £77.

Easy withdrawal at short notice and no deductions. Complete security. Not only SAFE but PROFITABLE.

WHATEVER YOUR SAVINGS, *investigate this opportunity NOW.*

Ask for FREE Booklet, No. 96. Call to-day, 'phone (Mansion House 5927), or write to Secretary, W. C. M. Wightman,

Church of England Temperance & General BUILDING SOCIETY
26, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Preserves your teeth and makes them whiter

Odol TOOTH PASTE
Makes teeth like pearls
IN TUBES:- 1/9 · 1/- · 6d
Garland.—J.B.

TRAGEDY of the EMPTY CRADLE

by a CHILDLESS HUSBAND

"I envy him—the happy father. His children keep him young"

THIS is the confession of a married man, aged thirty-seven, but who "feels" seventy. He makes it without shame.

It is estimated that there are eight million couples in England alone—eight million men and eight million women—suffering from the same complaint. It is possible that his confession will help some of them to a fuller happiness.

That man is myself.

I married, ten years ago, the only woman I have ever loved, or could ever love. It has taken me all of those ten years to discover why my wife and I, as time went on, grew less and less contented. It came home to us only last week—after ten years!

It is easy enough to say, simply, that we have not had any children. That conveys the fact, but it does not give any sort of explanation.

"Children are a mixed blessing," one often hears parents say, and so we, the childless married folk, are apt sometimes to be thankful that we have none.

Paying the price

But what we do not comprehend, perhaps, is that all blessings are "mixed," and that if we object to the "mixture" we must necessarily forgo all blessings whatsoever!

It would also be fairly straightforward to say that it is natural for a couple to have children, and that any couple who choose to "go against Nature" are liable to incur penalties.

That, too, is true enough. The physical penalties, in the cases of childless married women, often show themselves as "nerves"—queer, unaccountable periods of unreasonableness and dissatisfaction.

But I am not so much concerned with the physical side of the problem. I want to show you the mental effect on a man—myself—of being married for ten years without being a father.

A few weeks ago I went to see a famous French film, a masterpiece of filmcraft and production, which set out to show the audience the ultimate futility of everything. It did just that.

It showed you—apparently—the uselessness of making money; it demonstrated the inherent injustices in life; it attempted, even, to tell the audience that it was no use "going on trying"—it attempted to illustrate the futility of all endeavour. It even made fun of love. It jocularly presented a faithless wife, whose husband laughed when she left him.

Satire on truth

Three weeks ago I thought that that was the most wonderful "show" I had ever been to; I considered it to be the cleverest and the wittiest and the truest representation of life I had ever been shown.

What has changed me so suddenly? I will tell you. In the last week I have realised that that film is not nearly so true as I thought it was; that it seems true only to persons like myself.

Knowledge has fallen on me like a thunderbolt—the knowledge that that film did not show the whole of life, but only one end of it. The lovely beginning of life, that beginning which is fresh and eager and credulous and full of hope, is so far in my past that I had forgotten it.

I know now that that terrible satire was no presentation of normal life at all.

It was merely a clever collection of the nasty things that may, and sometimes do, happen to human beings. It was food for cynics—those folk who have forgotten the trust and the loveliness and the cleanliness of youth. I am sure that I should not give tuppence to see it now.

It is a horrid thought that I, at thirty-seven, have let myself get so "old" and cynical and disillusioned as to have mistaken the artistry of this clever satire for the truth.

The staggering change was brought about by two children. "Children" I call them, though I am afraid they might not be flattered—two girls of seventeen or eighteen. Just toddlers when I last saw them; grown up into pretty young women now.

They called and reminded me who they were; talked about my "writing" and an author's work—which often seems so pleasant to many of those who have office hours and set routine "jobs."

I have acquired a list of set answers and explanations for the usual questions, and those answers and "explanations" have, somehow, grown more bitter and callous and cynical as time has gone on.

I watched the horror and incredulity on those two rosebud faces, alight with life, athrill with anticipation, radiant with the wonder of existence—babylike in their innocence and their trust.

Suddenly, as I watched them, and, quite unwittingly, shocked them, that thunderbolt fell of which I have spoken, and I heard myself saying: "Good God, my friend, at last you know why you're unhappy! You've forgotten what it is to be young!"

No purpose in life

I had. And that is just the plain truth. So must every man and every woman who should have children and who do not have those children. They age out of all proportion to their generation

They are, if they are at all like me, without ambition, without even enthusiasm, with no serious purpose in life and oppressed by that sense of unfulfilment which means a great weariness of the soul.

When a man is old enough to realise that he does not live for ever, then is the time for him to begin to forget himself and live a new refreshing life in his child or his children. That keeps one young, I say—enviously. I see it, now, all about me.

When all other interests pall there is still the sublime interest of watching and loving, and guiding that new little "you," which is the bud that will bloom and carry something of your life on when your own grey stalk breaks and falls at last to the earth. To me, the childless father, it stands out now as the one reality in an otherwise futile existence.

There is an economic side to the problem, but I predict that the present vogue for tiny cottages inhabited by bored and barren couples, like ourselves, is no more than a transitional phase.

I see in the future great mansions filled with happy, laughing people of all ages—from babies to greybeards; such a perennial wealth of company that no man therein will be permitted to grow bored, or blasé, or prematurely old.

The Brighter Side

HAD you been in the neighbourhood of Horwich, Lancs, recently, you might have seen the harrowing spectacle of hungry flames licking the walls of Vale Hall, the home of Mr. C. Farnworth, a registered reader of JOHN BULL. Precious belongings and personal effects were destroyed.

Even a calamity such as this can have its brighter side, for our reader has since received a cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance—£66 to cover the loss, and an additional bonus of 10 per cent., bringing the total up to £72.

This bonus, one of the many sensational improvements in the scheme, is paid to all readers who at the time of receiving benefit have been registered for three months or more.

"The bonus was a very agreeable surprise," writes our reader, and he adds: "Please accept my sincere thanks for kindness and courtesy shown under such distressing circumstances."

After smoking

refresh
the mouth with
WRIGLEY'S

THE regular use of Wrigley's is a clean, healthy custom. Used after smoking, Wrigley's, because of its delightful lasting flavour, leaves the mouth fresh and cool—giving you greater enjoyment. You'll be surprised how delicious your next smoke will taste.

Wrigley's is the ideal sweetmeat for everyone—refreshing and economical.

In two flavours—P.K., with the genuine peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, with the pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet—worth many times more for the good it does you.

1d PER PACKET

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM E.M.11.

What a figure . . . but what a skin!!

...and what a simple answer!

*By Julia Foster**

So much beauty wasted by failure to heed a few words of expert advice! Tragic!

WHY "tragic"? Because there are so many cases just like hers. Because no one needs to have an unsightly skin. You don't. Your complexion can be kept lovely, youthful.

Beauty experts tell how: Simply, twice a day, apply to face and throat a generous lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work well into the pores with your hands. Then rinse thoroughly with warm water, and finish with a cold rinse. *Hot* water should *never* touch your face. After this, in the morning, your make-up. At night, if your skin is dry, follow with a good cold cream.

For this foundation cleansing, more than 20,000 beauty experts have specified Palmolive.

*Julia Foster has interviewed over 2,600 world renowned beauty experts. Her information on beauty subjects is authentic. It deserves your careful reading.

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT

PALMOLIVE

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

4½d. per tablet

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FINEST CYCLE VALUE IN ENGLAND

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DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
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All Cycles are equipped with Pump, Toolbag, Tools, Chain & Reflector.

Frames, 22, 24, 26 ins.

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Cuticura Preparations

SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the **Soap** to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the **Ointment** to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot:
F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd.,
31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

you will always

be thankful for

"Tremola" (REGD)

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ANY man who suspects that good taste in dress must involve him in added expense should try "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. He will like them at once: their style is as evident as their quality. But agreeable surprise awaits him in their price. All to-day's popular colourings are represented in the ranges offered by Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "Tricoline" — THE EQUAL TO SILK. | A Wemco FABRIC.

See tab on every Garment. None Genuine without.

Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

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BEST POSSIBLE PRICES

are given consistent with our guarantee of full and

PROMPT PAYMENT OF WINNINGS

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are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our rules. No Limit on Single Events—Win or place. Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-Come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected—Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems — all accepted. Tote Odds for Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

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If your letter commission bears a time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—in accordance with rules, you will be on at full starting price, or at totalisator odds if desired.

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DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Expert treatment for Dobbin at the Royal Veterinary College

DO WE *Really* LOVE *Animals?*

THERE are ten million horses, dogs, cats and other tame animals in the United Kingdom, all looking, according to their various owners, as though they are trying their hardest to speak.

What would they say if they could?

Would they say something flattering about the people who tend them, as the average owner feels sure they would—some buttery tribute to Master for all he has done?

No, they would be angry—would ask us whether we had played the game by the ten million loyal friends who deserve a better deal than we are giving them. They would tell us outright that if forty million people cannot find a mere £25,000 to save their dumb friends from pain and suffering, they have no right to boast of their kindness to animals.

THAT is the sum that will save the Royal Veterinary College, the training ground of our veterinary surgeons, the national research station of the animal kingdom, from closing.

The people of Germany have just found a million pounds for a similar purpose in their own country. Are we to be less humane than the Germans where our dumb friends are concerned?

The main operating theatre in the Royal Veterinary College, in which Britain's future "vets" learn their work of healing, has been built by themselves out of an old stable.

The college itself has been condemned by the London County Council as an unsafe building, and has been propped up with timber supports because the governors have not had the money to spare to do anything better.

The staff, from Professor Hobday, the King's veterinary surgeon, downwards, is acknowledged to be the worst paid group of experts in veterinary science in the world.

For six months the college has been on the verge of closing, but its staff is determined to do its duty by our animal friends, and so far has loyally carried on. It knows that if the institution closed, bogus veterinary surgeons, carrying out life and death operations without any qualifications whatever, would open up everywhere.

ALREADY there are hundreds of ex-grooms and former ostlers, untrained in animal surgery, carrying out major operations on pets of all kinds owned by poor people.

Yet the £25,000 which will enable the college to continue its wonderful work represents a mere halfpenny a head of the silent friends the human family has in this country—our pals of the stable, the fireside rug and the kennel.

They deserve all we can do for them. The argument that we "waste too much money on animals" is sheer nonsense.

At one time there were half a million horses and mules standing by British troops on the front in France. Their losses in that theatre of war alone were more than a quarter of a million killed and missing.

From 1914 to 1918 no fewer than 725,216 British animals passed through our veterinary hospitals — hospitals where the teachings of the Royal Veterinary College were applied to give a little relief, a little comfort at the last, to creatures suffering torments they did not understand.

The staff of the college went out to carry on its work under shot and shell then. In those days money was always forthcoming for their work of mercy. To-day there are many who talk of their love of animals, but few who will show that love in a practical form.

The college aims at safeguarding our animals against epidemics that would sweep them away in thousands, and often do so in countries where the authorities are not so watchful.

It works to protect human beings against diseases that can be passed on by animals. There are, for instance, a million cows in England suffering from tuberculosis that can be transmitted by the milk they supply.

It is the great training ground of the veterinary surgeons who are the family doctors of our dumb friends in every corner of the country.

ALL this is its most important work. But, in addition, its outpatients' department treats the pets of the poor, and always there is a queue of people threading their way through the timbers that support the building with their sick pets in their hands.

While children find their tortoises dying on their backs, and accidentally turn on the hot tap instead of the cold in changing the water of their gold-fish; while masters whistle their dogs over the roads in front of lorries, and road-makers lay surfaces on which horses struggle in vain for a foothold, that queue will still collect every day.

And the animals' ambulance will be waiting throughout the whole twenty-four hours.

The college staff have some strange tasks to perform. They have provided artificial teeth and limbs for dogs in special cases—where, for instance, some old farm worker feels that life would be impossible without his dog, or a blind man grieves for his four-footed guide.

But it is not by such exceptional work that the college asks to be judged.

It wants to give the greatest animal-breeding and animal-loving country in the world a veterinary service such as it deserves—a service we can offer to our pets without any sense of shame.

OUR horses deserve as good treatment as is being afforded in other countries that haven't as high a reputation for love of animals as we have. Our farm stocks should have the best of treatment, for our farmers are already losing £1,000,000 a year on one cattle disease alone. Our dogs are as much entitled to humane treatment as the German Dachshund is.

Only £25,000 stands in the way. . . .

Surely you will want to do your bit for suffering animals. Turn to page 14 and there you will find how your sixpence will both help the animals and possibly win for you the gigantic sum of £15,000!

Race with "Silver Ring"

MY DERBY SIX

I HAVE been set a pretty problem by a number of readers. Tempted by the alluring prize of £2,500 offered by the *Daily Herald* and the *Sporting Life* for placing the first four in the Derby, they have asked me for the "goods."

I would like to oblige, but if I broadcast the first four and proved correct, the prize would be cut into minute portions.

The way I am tackling the situation is by picking out a likely half-dozen for my followers to mix as they think fit.

Orwell will win. To complete the six I suggest Miracle, Rolling Rock, Portofino, Firdaussi and West Wickham.

The Newmarket Stakes ruled out Bulandshar, though I had a fancy for him originally; and I think Firdaussi is better at the distance than Dastur.

For the most reliable information about horses in the Derby, consult the experts who are studying the big race candidates during their daily work on the training grounds. Their reports and views appear in the *Sporting Life*. Tell your newsagent to deliver you a copy daily.

The Cosmopolitan Cup at Lingfield and the Manchester Cup at Castle Irwell are the tit-bits this week-end. Blue Vision, second in the Chester Cup race, appears to have too much to do with 9 st. at Lingfield. The prize may go to Boldero, who is very fit. For some time past he has been acting as a "schoolmaster" in gallops to Miracle and Sandwich.

Ut Majeur should be backed for the Manchester Cup.

Venturer, in winning the "Jubilee" at 100 to 9, did the Code a turn. Crumpets carried on the good work at Newmarket.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 19, to Wednesday, May 25.

O	C	B	V	D	P	M	X	Z	R	F	98	97	Y	H	S			
A	Q	93	94	95	U	I	E	96	L	T	W	N	G	J	K			

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

she rigidly follows her mother's advice to use Colgate's twice daily . . .

Mothers know that only Colgate's has that unique ability to enter the least crevice where food may cause decay and cleanse it thoroughly. Clean in taste and service, Colgate's assures the health that goes with tooth cleanliness. Large Size 1/-. Medium Size 6d.

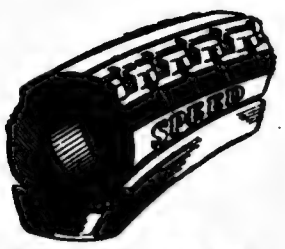
MADE IN ENGLAND

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Rd., London, S.W.1 Send post card (½d. postage).

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

DUNLOP

The Fastest Sports Tyres in the World



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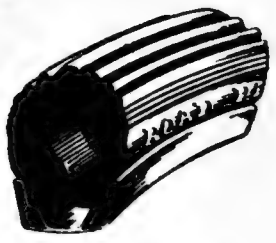
COVER 7/6 TUBE 3/-

A really fast tyre, similar to the well-known Road Racing but with a non-skid tread. Available in three colours. Translucent, Black or Red.



DUNLOP ROAD RACING
COVER 7/6 TUBE 3/-

Built for fast road work, this cover is unusually light and lively, yet of surprising strength. Made in three colours: Translucent, Black or Red.

DUNLOP SPORTS
COVER 5/11 TUBE 2/6

A fast and hard-wearing cover which possesses an excellent non-skid tread. Made in Black or Red.

DUNLOP TANDEM
(Wide section) Translucent.
COVER 9/- TUBE 3/-

Undoubtedly the finest and best tyre equipment for tandems. A new non-skid tread is now available for the first time. Made also with a Ribbed tread.

COMFORT on the longest run—

The latest!

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(Provisionally patented)

anatomically shaped with special comfort-giving channel . . Price **12/6**

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.,
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2H.31

NOW READY try it!

All the favourite flavours in one big bar

There never has been a chocolate cream like Fry's—the world's most popular sweetmeat. Now there is ready for you to try a glorious new variety—Fry's 5 centre Chocolate Cream. Fry's latest and greatest. The bar is just as big and heavy and wholesome as the Fry's original Chocolate Cream Bar you have always known and enjoyed. But in it are 5 (Five) different delicious flavours, each marked by name. It's made as only Fry's can make it. **2d**

Fry's
famous original
CHOCOLATE CREAM

C.R. 102. 20438

This announcement does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Rheumatism
Pains in the Joints

Kidney Trouble is the cause!

Sharp, shooting, rheumatic pains, aching limbs, weakness, loss of vigour, sleeplessness, sallow complexion — take this warning. Poisons in the blood are the cause of your pain, weariness and suffering.

There is no surer, safer and inexpensive remedy for kidney trouble—which is really the cause of all your suffering—than De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see and know they are doing you good.

These Pills contain no heart-exciting, dangerous drugs. They neutralise and banish pain-causing poisons in the blood, and build-up health, strength and vitality. Start with this trusted remedy to-day. You will soon feel years younger and able to enjoy work and pleasures. De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills cost only 3/- per bottle. Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITTS
BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

"Ty-phoo" is EMPIRE-GROWN TEA.

Despite New Duty NO CHANGE in PRICE or QUALITY.

Try ¼ lb. of this Delicious Tea

7½D

40,000 SHOPS SELL IT.
15,000 DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT.

It Can't cause Indigestion

SUMNER'S TY-PHOO TEA LTD., BIRMINGHAM

ADVICE that was BAD for Me

Won and Lost

"LEAVE sport alone. Concentrate on your work. Make all the money you can between twenty and forty. Then leave yourself freer to serve the community and enjoy life!'

Sounds all right, this advice given to me forty years ago by a good friend. I followed it, to my lasting sorrow. I developed the capacity to work, but lost the ability to play. I made money and lost happiness. I grew hard, calculating, reserved, love-starved.

Now I harbour regrets, having missed the thrill of the playing-fields, the friendship of useful men and women, and the love and laughter of little children.—"Disgruntled," Lampton.

FIVE years ago I was advised to go to law. Never again. I was told that I had a good case, but the subsequent litigation extended over months and involved me in ruinous expense.

Eventually I won the day and was awarded damages, but as my opponent promptly went into bankruptcy, my victory proved a barren one.

And to think that I might have accepted a reasonable sum in settlement before the case came on, but my advisers said "No."

No more law for me.—*C. S., Tottenham.*

Journey's End

After the war I was at Basrah, awaiting demobilisation. I wrote home asking advice whether to sign on again, seek a civilian job in India, or return to England.

Before I received a reply I was offered a post at Karachi with a salary equal to £45 (plus extras) per month.

Then I received a reply from home saying there was plenty of work in England, so I refused the Karachi job and returned to England—on the "dole."

The man who accepted the post has comfortably retired, whilst I am still struggling.—*Dished, Knowle.*

War's Legacy

My husband returned from the war, nervy and irritable. A coldness grew up between us; then he took to heavy drinking. On the advice of friends, I left him.

I have regretted it bitterly. I realise now that it was his war-shattered nerves, aggravated by my lack of sympathetic understanding, that really caused his lapse; that kinder treatment would have made him again the dear man he had been.

That he loved me I have had sad proof. After we parted he made money. He has just left it all to me with "his regretful love."—*Mrs. W., Brighton.*

In the Toils

"A little loan now will set you on your feet and give you time to look around. You can soon pay it off."

Well, I took the advice and got the little loan. Then, somehow, I don't quite know how soon there was a second loan. Interest, alas! proved to be, in fact, considerably more than had first appeared.

I am still "paying off."—*D. C., Rochdale.*

Two Arts

I was attending an art school; at the same time I was a member of a boxing club. My first fight was at an inter-club match, and I was lucky to be up against a fighter even worse than myself.

After the fight my instructor advised me to take up boxing as a livelihood. Without my struggling parents' consent, I forsook art for the "noble art."

Now my only "profit" is a badly smashed nose, one eye, and a £2-a-week job.—*J. S., Hulme.*

Both Lost

I liked them both, but on the advice of mother I spurned the quiet fellow who earned little for the man who talked big.

The quiet man is now manager of the mill where once he earned £2 a week. I see him occasionally with his wife in the car, and look away.

The other man fled the country to escape the consequences of his misdoing; and I am still a lonely spinster with regrets.—*Forty-one, Daybrook.*

Dance Drug

A friend advised me to learn dancing. "It will be a way to spend your evenings," he said.

Very soon I discovered that it was not only a means of spending my evenings, but a means of spending my health and cash, too. It was like a drug. Dancing became an essential part of my being, and I could not give it up.

Had I never taken my friend's advice I should probably have adopted some more healthy and less expensive pursuit. —"*Dance Fan,*" *Portsmouth.*

Missed Chance

When an assistant-teacher, I had the chance to go to Oxford to finish my training for the certificate examination.

My head mistress dissuaded me, saying that she intended retiring in the near future, and if I did not go away, but qualified at home, she would stay on until I got my final certificate, and I could step into her shoes.

So I let the opportunity pass and had private tuition, but before I had attained my certificate my mistress died, and I had made the sacrifice in vain.—*E. M., Huddersfield.*

Home Again

Being unemployed, I was advised to emigrate, and went to Canada.

After six months' work, the great Wall Street crash occurred. Business everywhere was tied up, and I lost my job. The country went economy crazy. Soon there were more men than jobs.

My savings disappeared, and I was broke, with no home or "dole." Having to eat, I ended in jail for begging. From there I was deported. All this within a year.—*R. P., Cardiff.*

Foolish Fear

"Don't go! They'll take you in there and mess you about. They will even try to cut you open!" said an old aunt to whom I confided that I thought of going into a hospital.

For months I had suffered from a recurrent pain in my side, which grew worse. Foolishly, I took my aunt's advice. At last, worry made me desperate.

"My dear woman," said the surgeon, to whom I was driven by pain and distress, "you should have come years ago. We will have you right in a week!" And they did!—*C. W., Southall.*

* * *

I wish I had never considered the advice of other young married couples as to not having children for a year or two. Now I am a lonely old woman, envying other women with a grown-up family.—*Mrs. E. T., Lincs.*

"Be a teacher. Five hours a day, five days a week, £5 a week." Now I am a teacher and know different.—*E. L. T., Bridgend.*

"Never walk under a ladder, my boy," was the advice my old father gave me one day. I was knocked down by a motor-cycle and badly injured through not walking under a ladder.—*C. C., Bootle.*

Our Letter Parliament

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

GENERAL AND MUNICIPAL WORKERS' JOURNAL:—"The proceedings concluded with the VORACIOUS rendering of the Welsh National Anthem."

ASTOUNDING STORIES:—"On her tiny feet she wore SCANDALS."

REYNOLDS'S:—"France's proposal for a tariff-union of the Danubian States—Czecho-Slovakia, AUSTRALIA, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania."

THE RIDDLE OF THE FORESTS:—"Judging from the position of that SUN, riding high in a tranquil and kindly sky, it was MIDNIGHT."

OXFORD MAIL:—"He was passing through Littlemore, he said, when a STATIONARY lorry TURNED OUT into the road without any warning."

KENTISH TIMES:—"Boxing Report: ——— was awarded a medal for being adjudged the 'best LOVER' of the evening."

SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE:—"A special body of police was on duty to see that no AUTHORISED persons were admitted."

SCREEN ROMANCES:—"The General came forth, puffing and FAINTING."

DAILY TELEGRAPH (Advt.):—"Walk into the next bookshop you PASS."

LEIGH CHRONICLE:—"The magistrates reduced the order from £1 per week to 20s. per week."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 24.

My Pet Animal Story

Men...DON'T PAY FANCY PRICES!

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FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER SHAVING STICK
FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER DENTAL CREAM
FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER SHAVING CREAM

WISE SAVING IS WISE SPENDING

In size and quality these Preparations are in every way equal to articles which you have been accustomed to purchasing at 1/- and 1/6. Our 300 year reputation guarantees that Field's Lavender Preparations are pure in quality and prepared under hygienic conditions.

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7/9 NOW

All the practical and technical experience of 40 years high-class cycle-engineering is concentrated in this superb machine.

DUNLOP MAGNUM Roadster Tyres. Wired Edges.
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CHROMIUM PLATED Handlebars, Rims, Cranks, etc.

Any Machine can be supplied with Dropped Handlebars, if desired. Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan, Brilliant Rear Light Reflector. Frame rust-proofed, enamelled Black, Coach Lined. (All Black if desired.) Lady's or Gent's same price. Carriage Paid. Price £5.16.3

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The most nourishing food you can drink!

4 FOODS IN 1

All that scientists know of the blending and balancing of pure natural foods is in this delicious tonic beverage. The four foods used are in exactly the right proportion to ensure ease of digestion, and each of them is the best of its kind—if there were better Fry's would use them.

Such a food-drink need not be expensive. Possessing the special advantages of new machinery and unique opportunities in buying, Fry's are able to present a product at a price that is a triumph for British capital and labour.

Do not drink a haphazard mixture of powdered malt, milk powder dried eggs and cocoa. Drink the four foods in one—Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs.

PURE ENGLISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT from brown sun-ripened barley—the finest, most health-giving malt that money can buy.

SELECTED ENGLISH EGGS. Every day the golden yolks of thousands of English farmhouse eggs become one of the "four foods in one."

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WITH EGGS

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M.M.180.1532

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Glitto

B 127-182A JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

Hot Water Each Morning Puts Roses in Your Cheeks

If you long to see the beautiful bloom of health in your cheeks and to see your skin clear and fair you should make a practice of drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water to help to keep the blood free of impurities. Girls and women with sallow skins, pimples and blackheads, however, as well as those who wake with coated tongue or bad taste and others who suffer from headaches, biliousness, constipation and acid stomach, should always add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to their morning glass of hot water. This will provide an 'internal bath' by flushing the whole of the alimentary tract and washing away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels all the sour bile, toxins, acid fermentations and indigestible waste which, if not completely eliminated each day, become absorbed into the blood-stream and cause spots, rashes and complexion blemishes. This 'internal bathing' is much more important and efficient as a beautifier than external washing could possibly be, because the skin pores do not admit impurities to the blood as do the bowels. Every woman who would like to see her skin grow clearer and fairer day by day should get a quarter-pound jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings, from any chemist, and start this simple early-morning health habit without delay.

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH

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Banish Catarrh Now! Instant relief with Nostroline Nasal Specific. Clears head, stops discharge. Soothes away soreness and discomfort. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' 188 Clifton, Bristol.

Now I can Breathe Oh.

'NOSTROLINE'

£300 Cash Reward!

Must be Won by June 5th

£300 awaits the reader of the Coupon containing the correct forecast of popularity of the gifts illustrated in the Summit advert. on the front cover. Hurry—there's not much time. Closing date May 28. £300 must be won—it may be yours! Complete the Coupon and Enter NOW!

—See Front Cover

ONE WEEK TO WIN

WHO

wants a £3 weekly Pension for Life? It may be yours for filling up the squares below—this evening. On five occasions this mighty prize of a Pension or £1,250 has been won outright. Solve the interesting Clues and money will never be your problem.

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £1,250 CASH

£50 for RUNNERS-UP

THIS LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID IF PRIZE BE DIVIDED...

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 2nd, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 9th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, May 26th.**

2.—**No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares).** Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, June 9th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, June 21st, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be divided, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE } See Rule 1.
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING }

£3,000 X-WORD No. 164

Solution and Winners of No. 164 Contest will be published together in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 26th.

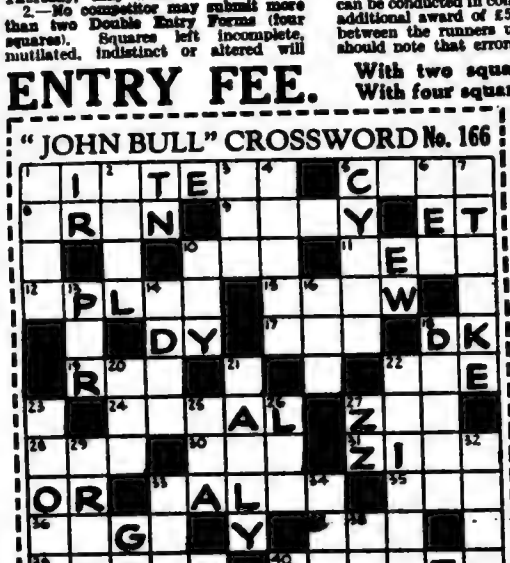
OVER £19,000 CASH

has already been won this year by entrants for "John Bull's" X-word Contest.

BEYATREN

What does it mean? It's a "Pass-word" and the clue is "Worsted." Strike out the unwanted letters and the answer will appear like a flash! Solve the seven other "Pass-words" in this week's "Passing Show" and win £150!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 166



JB·166 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·166

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

IMPORTANT This Pension X-word contest appears ONE WEEK ONLY. Entrants are restricted to four squares—entry fee, one shilling.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. These make up a Rugby team.
5. Howls often arise from.
8. Common metal.
9. Often describes successful boxer.
10. Observe.
11. Costly.
12. A rent.
15. A ship's company.
17. Organ of hearing.
19. Species of deer.
22. Preposition meaning before.
24. Describes Yankee's voice.
27. Exhibition of animals.
28. Untruth.
30. Pastry's needed for this.
31. Whitish-blue metal.
33. Explain her attractive dresses.
35. The ocean.
36. Payment for services rendered.
37. Also.
39. Is often needed when packing.
40. Very big men.
41. Consume.
42. They provide amusement.

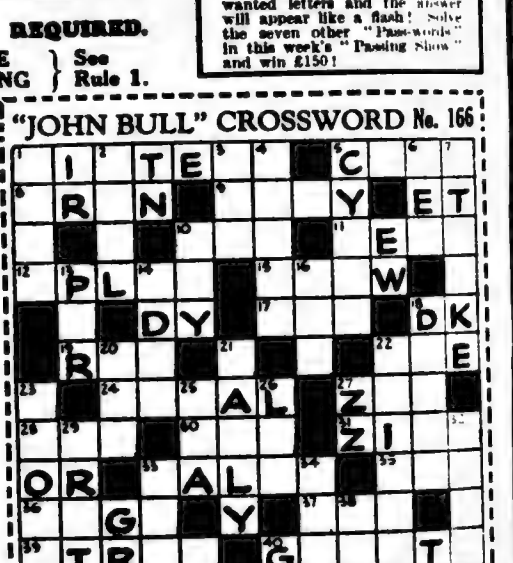
CLUES DOWN.

1. They often bear fruit.
2. A jay is this.
3. Female sheep.
4. Brother's daughter.
5. Drink made from apples.
6. Afternoon meal.
7. Is sometimes a calamity.
10. Pighouse.
13. Common term in share quotations.
14. A notion.
16. Dunce's knuckles often feel this.
18. Noise of aeroplane engine.
20. First number.
21. Optimist seeks work thus.
22. Deadly substances.
23. Hiker does this when going up hill.
25. Health resort.
26. Sheltered side of a ship.
29. Wrathful.
32. Often found round dustbins.
33. What you take at table.
34. You do this with a spoon.
38. Tree which produces acorns.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, May 26

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 166



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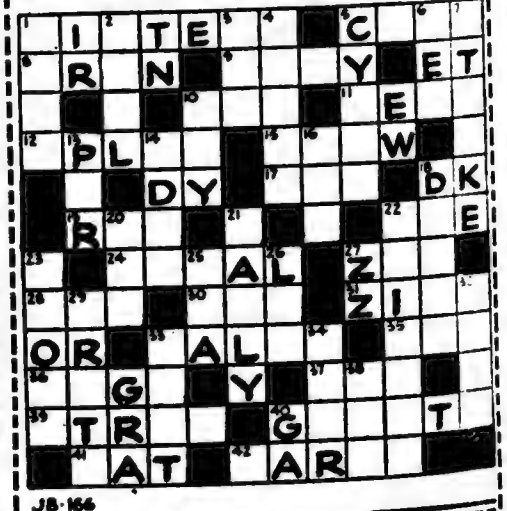

JB·166

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Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crosswords No. 166, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ANOTHER HUGE X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK ONLY

The Editor Laughs Last

E. S. (Mitcham).—"What strikes the amateur gardener as he looks round his garden at this time of the year?" A cricket ball from next door, very often.

MRS. W. (Herne Bay).—"What are letters of credit?" I.O.U.

D. M. (Sutton).—"A provincial inventor claims to have discovered a new method of wakening people" He is an alarmist.

M. B. (Ilford).—"Poverty is no disgrace." That's the only thing one can say in its favour.

R. M. (Walton).—"May I come to see you before the month is out?" Yes, but not before we are.

T. M. (Bath).—"I hate to waste my time listening to an idiot." Then don't soliloquise.

J. M. (Boston).—"I have lost my marriage lines." It is wonderful what beauty specialists can do with wrinkles.

G. F. (York).—"I guess you will be pleased to hear from me again." Then guess again.

F. M. (Atherstone).—"I am a chip of the old block." Great Scott! Did your father write stupid letters too?

DOCTOR (Leeds).—"Draughts can make people very miserable." So can overdrafts.

G. T. (Gargrave).—"When a single man and a married woman are seen together it causes talk." But not half so much as when they disappear together.

MRS. D (Bath).—"Don't you agree that children learn their most valuable lessons on their mother's knee?" And over their father's.

E. R. (Dundee).—"Everyone should cheer up. No man can say he is not allowed to sing at his work." What about a glassblower?

G. M. (Bridgnorth).—"What is your opinion of this letter? If it is unfavourable I shall not write to you again." Rotten—good!

F. N. (Goole).—"The face of the one I love the best in the world is ever before me." Do you always sit in front of a mirror?

T. M. (Grendon).—"You will notice that I have marked this letter 'Urgent.'" Yes, we hurried it into the fire to save any delay in the w.p.b.

S. W. (Kemble).—"What kind of bird is a Surrey chicken?" Judging by the portions we get in some restaurants, it's a species of wren.

G. N. (Hull).—"My wife is busy knitting as I am writing this." It's nice to know that one in the family is doing something useful.

D. R. (Nottingham).—"The average man likes to figure in as small a way as possible." Especially when he is filling up his income-tax return.

J. M. B. (Newcastle).—"My little daughter has performed her piano lessons regularly for two years. Who could grumble at that?" Your neighbours, we fancy.

SCIENTIST (London, W.).—"Wireless waves which reach the planet Mars are thrown back to earth again." We consider that this is positive proof of the existence of intelligence on the planet Mars.

R. M. (Streatham).—"Is it the case that all an orator hears when addressing a meeting is what appears to be a continuous buzz proceeding from the audience?" Yes; but some of the snores, of course, are louder than others.

T. S. (York).—"I am afraid of brain fever." Don't worry over trifles.

G. B. (Colne).—"Did you know that Cairo has scores of chiropodists?" Corns in Egypt, eh?

G. M. (Ely).—"Germs thrive in rubbish." Then we must get inoculated against your letters.

G. G. (Upton).—"When the platinum blonde craze dies, what will fashionable women become next?" Possibly something more brazen.

JOE (Goring).—"What can I do when the girl I am courting refuses to give me a decided answer?" Press button B and get your money back.

G. S. (Burwell).—"Why should I be robbed of my sleep by neighbours getting foreign stations at midnight?" Well, it is the switching hour, isn't it?

P. J. (Jesmond).—"Did you read of a man who saved a rate-collector from drowning?" Some people can never let well alone.

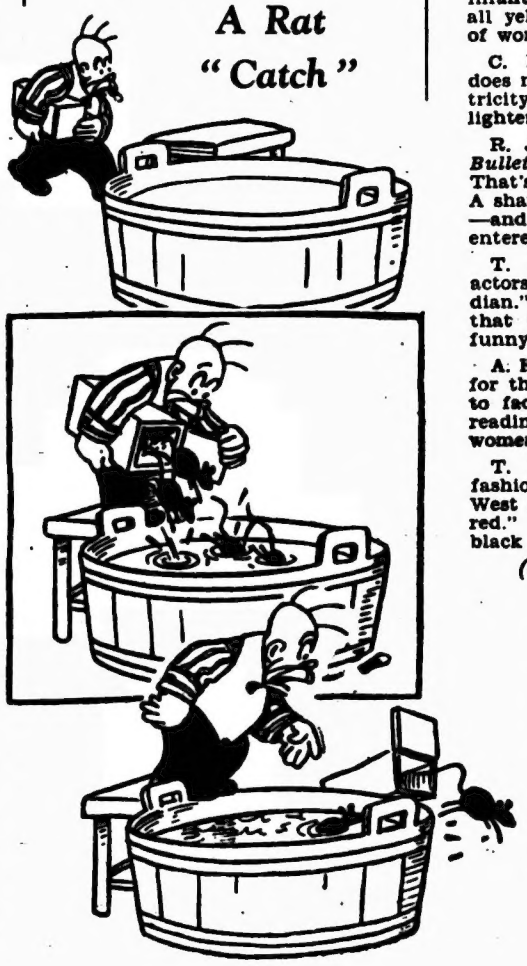
G. P. (Boston).—"I think you ought to know that the commissionaire swore that you were out when I called." Thanks; but he has already been suitably rewarded.

R. W. (Hampstead).—"I must find a way of getting to work early in the morning." Get your daughter to call you as she comes in.

R. W. (Cambridge).—"What the men of this country need is something to stiffen their backbones." Oh, well, the gardening season has commenced.

TOBACCONIST (Leith).—"Is it true that a shopkeeper who allows credit rarely has difficulty in finding customers?" Well, except when he calls to collect his account.

ADAMSON: A Rat "Catch"



S. M. (Pittsburg).—"I've made a bullet-proof shirt which will withstand a shot fired from a distance of 4 ft." Have you tested it by sending it to the laundry?

S. G. (Bath).—"You may say what you like about me." But there isn't anything.

M. N. (Rock Ferry).—"What would you prefer wireless talks to be about?" Half their present length.

MRS. T. D. (Manchester).—"What do bachelors know of marriage?" Obviously enough to keep them bachelors.

A. S. (Rugby).—"If broadcasting were stopped, would weather improve?" Yes, so would broadcasting.

B. D. (Plymouth).—"Things are not so bad as they once were." True, scientists tell us that the world was once ALL gas.

BOZZO (Belfast).—"I could do your job. You just sit around and try to be funny." You would just require to be natural.

T. M. (Truro).—"I felt a great desire to thrash my caddie for being so cheeky." But wouldn't he tell you which club to use?

M. N. (London, W.).—"My wife buys most expensive clothes and expects me to wear something that is in keeping with them." Such as a worried look?

T. W. (London, N.).—"When my lecture came to an end the audience rose as one man." Well, he could hardly have risen as two.

S. G. (Normanton).—"A very small seed often becomes a huge flower. How do you explain that?" The cat from next door probably overlooked it.

B. A. (Bushey).—"Have you ever spent several hours at a stretch on a billiard table?" No, we always make a point of booking our rooms in advance.

D. S. (Epsom).—"I am organising cheap trips to Dartmoor." In competition to those under the auspices of the Home Office.

C. Y. (Grantham).—"Don't you think that, if we all laughed and made merry, business would buck up?" Yes, it's gravity that keeps things down.

F. L. (Newhaven).—"Many movie magnates are now millionaires." For which, of course, they should thank their lucky stars.

P. J. (Staines).—"Do the big fashion houses decide whether women's skirts shall be low or high?" Yes, and so does a mouse, very often.

N. H. (Raynes Park).—"A newly born infant cannot think." Then why do they all yell the moment they see what kind of world they are in?

C. M. (Middlesbrough).—"The world does not yet realise what it owes to electricity." Next quarter's bills will enlighten it if they are anything like ours.

R. J. W. (Brixton).—"Can I win two *Bullets* prizes in a single contest?" That's what we're asking you on page 35. A share of £300 depends on your answer—and there's £500 for the best *Bullet* entered.

T. J. M. (Liverpool).—"I object to actors on the stage laughing at the comedian." Still, it does let the audience know that the comedian has said something funny.

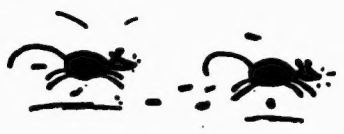
A. K. (Harrow).—"How do you account for the reluctance of modern young men to face matrimony?" They grow scared reading the advertisements in the women's magazines.

T. R. M. (Woking).—"According to fashion experts the leading colours in the West End this year are to be black and red." And in the East End they'll be black and blue as usual.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.



ASTHMA
PERMANENT RELIEF

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

You, an asthmatic, have probably tried so many advertised "cures" without avail that you have lost all interest and hope. YET PERMANENT RELIEF CAN NOW BE OBTAINED. The most clever advertisement ever written cannot convince as a trial would do, and however great your suffering may be, however despairing and hopeless you may be, write for the free trial quantity which we will gladly send you with a valuable book.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, endorsed by a Royal Physician and thousands of other doctors, gives quiet healthful sleep, and does its beneficent work while patients rest in comfort. It is a liquid remedy, entailing no distress either on the sufferer or members of his household.

A FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET.

Fill in and post the coupon at once (enclosing threepence for postage) for free trial bottle and booklet giving useful advice on diet, etc.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable at all chemists, or post free 3/- and 5/- per bottle from the address on the coupon.

FREE To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, LTD.
(Dept. 69), 164, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

I enclose threepence for postage. Please send me free trial bottle and Dr. Hair's 48-page booklet containing useful advice on diet and hygiene.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

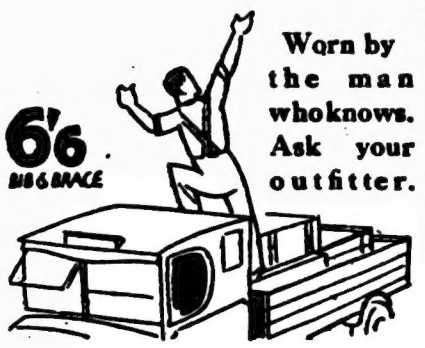
.....

J.B, 21.5.32.

'HI-JOE!'

That's the worst of that lad, he will keepshowing off his Bolenium Overalls just because—

BOLENIUMS NEVER LET YOU DOWN



6'6 BIB & BRACE

Worn by the man who knows. Ask your outfitter.

In cases of difficulty write to Sole Manufacturers—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
(Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13

A "GETTING-UP" PROBLEM SOLVED

How to clean false teeth easily and simply

To make the general routine of life go smoothly day after day, the first necessity is to simplify it in every possible direction. In no part of the daily round is this more important than in the business of getting up in the morning. For most of us, it must be admitted, this far too easily degenerates into an uncomfortable scramble. If one small item in it goes wrong, the day begins very badly indeed—and generally continues so. An important daily detail which many of us have to face is the cleaning of false teeth. Far from having found the quickest or easiest way of doing this, there are hundreds who have failed to discover any efficient way of cleaning false teeth at all. It is a matter of the greatest satisfaction to those of us who have discovered Milton that this well-known preparation has ended at one stroke all trouble on this score. As one of many thousands of correspondents testifies, it is its "simple efficacy" which is so valuable. This correspondent goes on to remark that "he merely puts about a half-teaspoonful (of Milton) in a tumbler of water with his dentures, with the result that they are delightfully clean and feel clean and delectable in the mouth without using a brush at all." It is important to remember that Milton cannot harm the denture provided the latter contains no base metals—which no good denture ever contains. A bottle of Milton costs 6d.

STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved and look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. and 1s. 3d. cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
ABSCESSES!
TUBERCULOUS CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from V167
VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

The FRIEND in the Background

THERE is happiness and contentment at "The Elms" to-day. The sun beams down out of a clear sky. Home is indeed a pleasant place.

But those who live here know that dark clouds may possibly gather round the home some day. They realise how easily fires are caused—how sickness strikes without warning—how accidents will happen in spite of every precaution. That is why JOHN BULL hovers in the background of this and tens of thousands of other JOHN BULL homes, ready to ward off danger that may threaten, whether that danger be Fire, Storm, Flood, Burglars, Sickness or Accident.

Have *you* a happy home on which you have lavished every care and thought, in which you have invested all your savings? Have you taken the precaution to safeguard it against the many risks that are covered in unparalleled manner by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance? The most sensational improvements have recently been made in the scheme, making it more valuable than ever before.

Our 10% Bonus

One instance of this is the 10 per cent. Bonus offered to readers who at the time of receiving benefit have been registered for three months or more.

JOHN BULL'S pledge to stand by you should trouble come may be worth anything up to £1,000 to you some day. The registration forms are below. Why not sign them now?

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 21/5/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 21/5/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL FEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

I was losing my Husband's Love

He was beginning to take so much notice of a blonde with a marvellous complexion that I confess I became frightfully jealous. Then I began to study the reason of her attractiveness. She never had a shiny nose—her complexion was always so fresh and lovely even after dancing all evening in a hot ballroom. At last a famous beauty specialist told me her secret—she just blended a little mousse of cream with her face powder. This marvellous ingredient makes the powder cling to the skin even in windy and rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration. To my delight, after the first trial my husband said—"You look lovely to-night"—Now, my fresh lovely complexion is the admiration of my husband and the envy of all my friends.

NOTE: The sole rights to the use of this amazing discovery of "Mousse of Cream" have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. Blended by a secret process in Poudre Tokalon, it actually acts as a tonic and makes the skin *naturally* beautiful instead of merely covering it. Banishes all trace of shine permanently, and gives marvellous complexions never before seen.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222H) Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

The DR. SINGHA NEW INDIAN
ASTHMA CURE

is accurately named because it does what it is claimed to do. Unimpeachable proof exists in a book of RECENT ENGLISH TESTIMONIALS—scores from chronic sufferers previously given up as incurable. If others can receive relief and command cure, why not you? SEND 3d. in stamps for (1) FREE SAMPLE TREATMENT, (2) Book of Testimonials, and (3) A presentation copy of this Asthma Specialist's Book of Advice. Delay is dangerous? Write to-day to The Dr. Singha Asthma Cure Co., Pharmaceutical Importers (Room 45), Caernarvon.

RECORD BONUS FOR DOUBLE PRIZE-WINNERS AND BIG "BULLETS" FIRST WHICH YOU CAN CAPTURE

THIS WEEK ONLY — CLOSING SAT. MAY 28

£300 TO BE SHARED BY WINNERS OF TWO OR MORE PRIZES IN THIS CONTEST

★ IMPORTANT If in this contest you receive two or more prizes for coupons bearing the same initials, name and address, you will be eligible to share in this £300 Bonus. All winners of prizes will also receive a £300 Claim Form, on which those entrants eligible must apply for share of Bonus not later than Saturday, June 18.

£500

OTHER PRIZES
SECOND £50 THIRD £25
10 of £5 10 of £2·10
25 of £1 500 of 2/6
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

OVER £1,000 CASH MUST BE WON THIS WEEK!

A BUMPER First of £500 has been arranged by JOHN BULL this week—but that is only half the attraction of the unique prize-list before you to-day.

If you capture two or more prizes in this contest you will have not only a double success to be proud of but also a share of a Record Bonus of £300 which is to be distributed as shown above.

A bright thought, a little careful phrasing, and you may be amongst the 10,548 winners this week.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to compress any rough idea which occurs to you into TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words which pithily express your meaning and link up aptly with the *Example*.

For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS, by adding the words BUT OUR "STOCK'S" HIGH you would complete a *Bullet*.

Below are the principal winning *Bullets* in Competition No. 847, which you will be wise to study before beginning on your own efforts. Each one will yield a hint on making good *Bullets*, provided that you examine it closely and note its good points.

Begin your attack on this wonderful prize-list this evening—and remember that you have only until Saturday, May 28, to get your entry to Long Acre.

£737 10s. CASH AND RADIO SETS WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 847:
Mr. S. P. OWEN, 17, Buxton Avenue, West Didsbury.
Example:—SWEET MEMORY
Bullet:—LOCK IN LOCKET UNLOCKS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. A. DAVAGE, 4, Orchard Street, Frome.
Example—Bang in the Middle
Bullet—Of Peaceful Village—Gun!

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. E. J. PARKER, c/o R.A.F., Kenley, Surrey.
Example—Education's Wonderful, But
Bullet—It "Adds Up" Terribly.

10 WINNERS OF £21 RADIO SETS AND £5 CASH:

D. BAIN, 5, Broomlands, Paisley.
Mocking — Her Sky-scrapers, America's Underworld.

Miss E. FORRESTER, 74, Princes Square, London, W.
Bubbling Over—Bride—Till Among Soap-suds.

Miss L. GRAY, 47, St. Helens Road, Bolton.
Education's Wonderful, But—She Treasures "Dear Muvver—."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. W. KELTY, 43, Derby Road, Southport.
Neglected—Ramsay's Eyesight—"Studying" Country.

V. KERNAN, 75, Firgrove Road, Southampton, Ireland.
"Freed," Might Become "Stuck."

Miss H. E. LOCKHART, 8, Wensley Green, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.
Double Nature — "Sunny" — "Breezy" — "Broad Views."

D. MILLER, Oxhey Grove, Hatch End, Middlesex.
Geneva's Work—Sneers Marring—Mars Nearing.

G. MOORE, Butleigh, Glastonbury, Som.
Neglected—No Wonder Under-dog "Strays."

G. TITMAS, Stanmore, Hollfast Road, Birmingham.
Geneva's Work—Holding, And Removing "Scales."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. WOOD, 81, Castle Road, Castle Gresley.
How Britain Stands—Wearing "*Begone, Woe!*" Expression.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. M. BUTLER, 39, Hollyhedge Road, West Bromwich.
Dose of Prison—Quashed—"Pill" For Bench.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. COE, 27, Maple Avenue, Yiewsley, Middlesex.
Geneva's Work—"Non-stop" Till "All Changed."

K. HARRIS, 20 Alexandra Street, Blaina.
Dose Of Prison—If Taxpayer Isn't "Patriotic."

F. HEYWOOD, 24, High Street, Iron Bridge.
Neglected — "Hops" — "Skipped" Since "Jump."

Miss HOLMES, c/o 9, Portland Road, Southall.
Considering Marriage—Nations—Instead Of Peace!

J. JOHNSTONE, 230, Kilbowie Road, Clydebank.
Geneva's Work—"Great—Who's Surrey Playing?"

G. J. READEY, 22, Alfred Street, Liverpool.
Shock For The Sergeant—Button Missing—Excuse. "Disarmament!"

H. SNOWDEN, Avalon, Mount Vernon Road, Barnsley.
Gallant Attempt—At Unnecessary, Modern Adventure.

Mrs. A. THOMAS, 42, Felcote Avenue, Dalton, Huddersfield.
When Hubby's Late—Blames "Railway," Not "Company."

J. WORRALL, 47, Chorley Street, Warrington.
How Britain Stands — Immaterial — Baby Walked To-day!

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 846 will be displayed in the window of Mr. S. J. Luscombe, 41, Dorset Road, Clapham Road, S.W.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.
Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 851 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

Enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletins" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(*Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.*)

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 851.

NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS	RUTHLESS	LYING LOW
COMMERCIAL WARFARE	FREE OF TAX	IN THE RIGHT
TO PLEASE EVERYBODY	FAIR GAME	THE ANNOUNCER
WITH ALL HIS MIGHT	GETTING EVEN	WOKE HIM UP
TIRED OF EVERYTHING	BLUNDERING	KNOWING HER
SONNY'S A NUISANCE, BUT	THIRSTY SOUL	WISELY
WHEN THE ROW'S OVER	ELOQUENT	IN SHORT
HOPING FOR THE BEST	A FLUTTER	HOT-TEMPERED
HE'S A FARMER, SO	TEMPTING OFFER	TOO BIG
EATING HER HEART OUT	LOOKS	COMING OF AGE
	COURT MISSIONARY	IS MARRIAGE WISE?

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(851) Closing SAT. May 28 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(851) Closing SAT. May 28 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(851) Closing SAT. May 28 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(851) Closing SAT. May 28 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. — Signed — Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 851, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEXT WEEK'S BIG REFERENDUM OFFER — GIANT £1,000 FIRST OR FOUR £250 PRIZES — ENTRANTS WILL DECIDE WHICH

. . and kept it too

As with getting a job so with keeping it; more than just ability is needed—a smart, well-shaved appearance counts a lot with employers. And to be always sure of a good shave a man must use a soap that's made for shaving. That doesn't mean paying a shilling or more—not when 6d buys a full-sized Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. For those six coppers he gets a hundred keen, comfortable shaves—the kind that make all the difference to a man in the eyes of an employer. Ask *her* to include a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick in her next order to the grocer.

100 shaves for 6d

E211-172-60

A LEVER PRODUCT

TWO TABLETS and TEN MINUTES

"Yeast-Vite" THE TIME-TABLE TONIC

From the shadows of Depression and Suffering to the light of Glorious Health—in a few minutes!

From the clinging sloth of Lassitude and Exhaustion to the Freedom of Energy and Vigour—while the clock ticks a few short spaces.

From troubled waters of Pain and Suffering to the Haven of Glorious Relief before even half an hour has passed!

Thus 'Yeast-Vite'—the Wonder Tonic—working to its "Time Table" restores the Joyousness and Exhilaration of Perfect Fitness.

Take two Tablets *NOW*. In a few minutes lift your head — stretch your arms and smile as a New Buoyancy and Energy fills your body!

Every Bottle Sold Under Guarantee of NO CURE NO PAY.

Quick Relief From

HEADACHES
NEURALGIA
NERVE PAINS
DEBILITY
NEURITIS
SLEEPLESSNESS
INDIGESTION
EXHAUSTION
DEPRESSION
CONSTIPATION

YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic Tablets.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the Treatment AT OUR RISK and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY, and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, Herts, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

20 TABLETS CURE 10 YEARS' INDIGESTION

Mr. V. T. had suffered from Indigestion and Dyspepsia for 10 years. Numerous methods of Treatment proved useless. Twenty "Yeast-Vite" Tablets have completely restored him to health and he is now quite fit and well.

TO MEN!

Men, too, need Yeast-Vite just as much as women. When they feel Tired, Exhausted and "Done"; when the cares of business seem "just too much" this wonderful stimulating and revivifying tonic is just what they need.

YOU Need Yeast-Vite Brand

QUICK-TONIC TABLETS. All Chemists: 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per Bottle.

T.C.B.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

Why pay Shop-prices when COVENTRY'S LARGEST WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE will supply you with a famous Coventry-built Cycle at a lower price? Carriage Paid. Besides, YOU GET A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON to exchange for high-class Accessories with every Cycle. Write now for Free Copy of the BIGGEST CYCLE CATALOGUE ever published and you will get the 15/- Free Gift Coupon as well. Thousands already supplied to readers of "JOHN BULL."

£3-15s CASH OR TERMS

Chas. T. Robey, Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE DEPT. 32 COVENTRY.

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